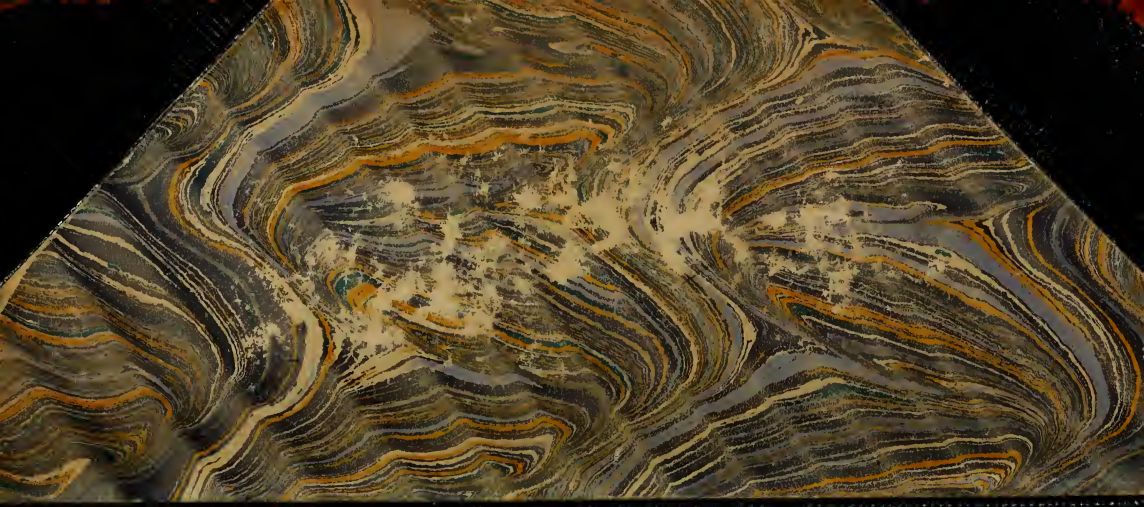

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

LONDON:

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THE

TWENTY-SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

KING, SPRAT, AND HALIFAX.

THE

ART OF LOVE:

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

By W. KING, LL.D.

The virtuous diſpoſition of our Author is no where more remarkably diſtinguiſhed than in this piece; wherein both the ſubject and the example ſo naturally lead into ſome leſs chaſte images, ſome looſer love which ſtands in need of a remedy. BIOG. BRIT.

TO THE

LORD HERBERT*,

ELDEST SON OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY; BARON HERBERT OF CAERDIFF, ROSS OF KENDAL, PARR, FITZ-HUGH MARMION, ST. QUINTIN, AND HERBERT OF SHUTLAND; KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your Lordſhip: for, as the advantages of your mind and perſon muſt kindle the flames of Love in the coldeſt breaſt; ſo you are of an age moſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments at home, which others are forced to ſeek abroad; and have given the world aſſurance, by ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt Offices of the Crown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your

* Henry Lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749. N.

illuſtrious Father in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your Poſterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though theſe rules will be of ſmall uſe to you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your ſervice, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordſhip; and that I am moſt entirely

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

IT is endeavoured, in the following Poems, to give the Readers of both ſexes ſome ideas of the Art of Love; ſuch a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and whoſe deſires terminate in preſent happineſs and that of poſterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Ancients, amongſt whom none has touched that paſſion more tenderly and juſtly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the maſterſhip in that Art; and therefore, in the Fourth Book De Triſtibus, when he would give ſome account of himſelf to future ages, he calls himſelf "Tenerorum Luſor Amorum," as if he gloried principally in the deſcriptions he had made of that paſſion.

The preſent imitation of him is at leaſt ſuch a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate his words, or be confined to his ſenſe, but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes that Author would have done, had he lived in our age and in our coun-

" try. But he dares not ſay that Sir John Den-
" ham *, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this Liber-
" tine way, as the latter calls it, ſo far as this
" definition reaches." But, alas! the preſent Imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon laſting foundations: but the preſent ſubject being Love, it would be unreaſonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the paſſion and grounds of it will continue the ſame through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, faſhions, and graces, ways of complaiſance and addreſs, entertainments and diverſions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and perſons will write, and the Ancients have ſo great a fund of Learning; whom can the Moderns take better to copy than ſuch originals? It is moſt likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thouſand to one but their imitation is better than any clumſy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reaſon to underſtand the true ſcope, genius, and force of the expreſſions of his Author, as a literal Tranſlator: and, after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that

* Dryden alludes to " The Deſtruction of Troy, &c." N.

may ſeem pardonable, the Latin* at the bottom ſhews to whom he is engaged for it. An Imitator and his Author ſtand much upon the ſame terms as Ben does with his Father in the Comedy†:

"What thof he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en."

There were many reaſons why the Imitator tranſpoſed ſeveral Verſes of Ovid, and has divided the whole into Fourteen Parts, rather than keep it in Three Books. Theſe may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the reſt, ſome were, that matters of the ſame ſubject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthenſome; and therefore (if ſmall matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his "Georgicks," ſo here moſt of the parts end with ſome remarkable Fable, which carries with it ſome Moral: yet, if any perſons pleaſe to take the Six firſt Parts as the Firſt Book, and divide the Eight laſt, they may make Three Books of them again. There have by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the Poem out of the "Remedy "of Love," which (as inanimate things are generally the moſt wayward and provoking) ſince they would ſtay, have been ſuffered to ſtand there.

* In the firſt editions of the "Art of Cookery," and of the "Art of Love," Dr. King printed the original under the reſpective pages of his tranſlations. N.

† Congreve's Love for Love. N.

But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be preſcribed for it, but the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires. Should the Imitator's ſtyle ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be conſidered, that perhaps even in that he deſired to imitate his Author, and would not peruſe them; leſt, as ſome of Ovid's Works were, ſo theſe might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the Reader to do, if he pleaſes, when he has bought them.

THE

ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is TO LOVE,
Let him but read theſe verſes, and improve.
Swift ſhips are rul'd by art, and oars, and ſails:
Skill guides our chariots; Wit o'er Love prevails.
Automedon with reins let looſe could fly;
Tiphys with Argo's ſhip cut waves and ſky.
In Love-affairs I'm charioteer of Truth,
And ſureſt pilot to incautious youth.
Love's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
But then conſider he is but a boy.
Chiron with pleaſing harp Achilles tam'd,
And his rough manners with ſoft muſick fram'd:
Though he'd in council ſtorm, in battle rage,
He bore a ſecret reverence for age.
Chiron's command with ſtrict obedience ties
The ſinewy arm by which brave Hector dies:
That was *his* taſk, but fiercer Love is mine:
They both are boys, and ſprung from race divine.

The ſtiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke ſubmit,
And the moſt fiery courſer champs the bit.
So Love ſhall yield. I own, I 've been his ſlave;
But conquer'd where my enemy was brave:
And now he darts his flames without a wound,
And all his whiſtling arrows die in ſound.
Nor will I raiſe my fame by hidden art;
In what I teach, ſound reaſon ſhall have part:
For Nature's paſſion cannot be deſtroy'd,
But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.
Yet ſtill 'twill be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
May infant Chaſtity, grave matron's pride,
A parent's wiſh, and bluſhes of a bride,
Protect this Work; ſo guard it, that no rhyme
In ſyllable or thought may vent a crime!
The Soldier, that Love's armour would defy,
Will find his greateſt courage is to fly:
When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
The only conqueſt then is to retreat:
But, if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
'Tis preſent death unleſs you quit the field.
Whilſt youth and vanity would make you range,
Think on ſome beauty may prevent your change:
But ſuch by falling ſkies are never caught;
No happineſs is found but what is ſought.
The huntſman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
And where the foaming boar ſecures his brawn.
The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of ſleep;
And they who hope for fiſh muſt ſearch the deep:

And he, that fuel ſeeks for chaſte deſire,
Muſt ſearch where Virtue may that flame inſpire.
To foreign parts there is no need to roam:
The bleſſing may be met with nearer home.
From India ſome, others from neighbouring France,
Bring tawny ſkins, and puppets that can dance.
The Seat of Britiſh Empire does contain
Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
As fruitful fields with plenty bleſs the ſight,
And as the milky way adorns the night;
So *that* does with thoſe graceful nymphs abound,
Whoſe dove-like ſoftneſs is with roſes crown'd.
There tendereſt blooms inviting ſoftneſs ſpread,
Whilſt by their ſmalleſt twine the captive 's led.
There youth advanc'd in majeſty does ſhine,
Fit to be mother to a race divine.
No age in matrons, no decay appears;
By prudence only there you gueſs at years.

Sometimes you'll ſee theſe Beauties ſeek the ſhade,
By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
Or at St. James's, where a noble care
Makes all things pleaſing like himſelf appear;
Or Kenſington, ſweet air and bleſt retreat
Of him, that owns a Sovereign, though moſt great*.

* George Prince of Denmark, conſort to the Queen, greatly admired theſe fine gardens.—They were purchaſed by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch; were enlarged by Queen Mary; and improved by Queen Anne, who was ſo pleaſed with the place, that ſhe frequently ſupped during the ſummer in the Green-houſe. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their preſent ſize, three miles and a half in compaſs. N.

Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
They view the noble ſtag and tripping fawn.
On Hyde-Park's circles if you chance to gaze,
The lights revolving ſtrike you with amaze.
To Bath and Tunbridge they ſometimes retreat,
With waters to diſpel the parching heat:
But youth with reaſon there may oft' admire
That which may raiſe in him a nobler fire;
Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.
Sometimes at marriage-rites you may eſpy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to bleſt muſick they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding love.
But yearly when that ſolemn night returns,
When grateful incenſe on the altar burns,
For cloſing the moſt glorious day e'er ſeen,
That firſt gave light to happy Britain's Queen;
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddeſſes of old,
Equal thoſe beauties who that circle frame;
A ſubject fit for never-dying fame:
Whoſe gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet ſtill can add no luſtre to their own.
But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the ſhow;
Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cauſe;

Left the submissive part should fall to you,
And they who suppliants help be forc'd to sue.
Then may their yielding hearts compassion take,
And grant your wishes, for your country's sake:
Ease to their beauties' wounds may goodness give;
And, since you make all happy, let you live.

Sometimes these Beauties on Newmarket plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with silken reins,
Behold the conflicts of the generous steeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-attested breeds.
There youth may justly with discerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit spy
That which his swiftest courser cannot fly.

It is no treacherous or base piece of art,
T'approve the side with which the Fair takes part:
For equal passion equal minds will strike,
Either in commendation or dislike.
For, when two fencers ready stand to fight,
And we're spectators of the bloody sight,
Our nimble passion Love has soon design'd
The man to whom we must and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him, how we start!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the smart.
And Nature by such instances does prove,
That we fear most for that which most we love.
Therefore, if chance should make her saddle slide,
Or any thing should slip, or be untied,

Oh, think it not a too officious care
With eagerneſs to run and help the Fair.
We offer ſmall things to the powers above:
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whoſe propitious days
Revolving Heaven does ſeem again to raiſe;
Whoſe ruling genius ſhew'd a maſter-ſtroke
In every thing ſhe did, and all ſhe ſpoke;
Was ſtepping o'er a paſſage, which the rain
Had fill'd, and ſeem'd as ſtepping back again;
Young Raleigh ſcorn'd to ſee his Queen retreat,
And threw his velvet-cloak beneath her feet.
The Queen approv'd the thought, and made him great*.

Mark when the Queen her thanks divine would give
Midſt acclamations, that ſhe *long may live*;
To whom kind Heaven the bleſſing has beſtow'd,
To let her arms ſucceed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains;
But all declare the Britiſh ſubjects' eaſe,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then, whilſt the pomp of Majeſty proceeds
With ſtately ſteps, and eight well-choſen ſteeds,
From every palace Beauties may be ſeen,
That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen.
Then, if kind chance a lovely Maid has thrown
Next to a Youth with graces like her own,

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his riſe at court. N.

Much she would learn, and many questions ask;
The answers are the Lover's pleasing task.
" Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was't that he with sword victorious stood,
" And made their trembling squadrons chuse the flood?
" What is the *gold* adorns this royal state?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Don't it require a most prodigious care
" To manage treasures in the height of war?
" Must he not be of calmest truth possest,
" Presides o'er councils of the Royal breast?
" Sea-fights are surely dismal scenes of war!
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
" Has not the Emperor got some Envoy here?
" Won't Danish, Swedish, Prussian Lords appear?
" Who represents the Line of Hanover?
" Don't The States General assist them all?
" Should we not be in danger, if they fall?
" If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet
" In this solemnity, 'twould be complete.
" Think you that Barcelona could have stood
" Without the hazard of our noblest blood?
" At Ramilies what ensigns did you get?
" Did many towns in Flanders then submit?
" Was it the Conqueror's business to destroy,
" Or was he met by all of them with joy?
" Oh, could my wish but fame eternal give,
" The laurel on those brows should ever live!"

The British worth in nothing need despair,
When it has such assistance from the Fair.
As Virtue merits, it expects regard;
And Valour flies, where Beauty's the reward.

PART II.

IN Love-affairs the Theatre has part,
That wise and most instructing scene of art,
Where Vice is punish'd with a just reward,
And Virtue meets with suitable regard;
Where mutual Love and Friendship find return,
But treacherous Insolence is hiss'd with scorn,
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without blushes whilst a virgin sees,
Upon some brave spectator Love may seize,
Who, till *she* sends it, never can have ease.
As things that were the best at first
By their corruption grow the worst;
The modern Stage takes liberties
Unseen by our forefathers' eyes.
As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;
So swarm the females and gallants,
All crowding to the Comedy,
For to be seen, and not to see.
But, though these females are to blame,
Yet still they have some native shame:
They all are silent till they're ask'd;
And ev'n their impudence is mask'd:

For Nature would be modeſt ſtill,
And there's reluctancy in will.
Sporting and Plays had harmleſs been,
And might by any one be ſeen,
Till Romulus began to ſpoil them,
Who kept a Palace, call'd ASYLUM;
Where Baſtards, Pimps, and Thieves, and Pandars,
Were liſted all to be commanders.
But then the raſcals were ſo poor,
They could not change a Rogue for Whore;
And neighbouring Jades reſolv'd to tarry,
Rather than with ſuch Scrubs they 'd marry.
But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
They knaviſhly a farce contriv'd.
No gilded pillars there were ſeen,
Nor was the cloth they trod on green.
No Ghoſts came from the cellar crying,
Nor Angels from the garret flying.
The Houſe was made of ſticks and buſhes,
And all the Floor was ſtrew'd with ruſhes:
The Seats were rais'd with turf and ſods,
Whence Heroes might be view'd, and Gods.
Paris and Helen was the Play,
And how both of them ran away.
Romulus bade his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his ſhow.
Unto this Opera no rate is:
They all were free to come in *gratis:*
And they, as girls will ſeldom miſs
A merry meeting, came to this.

There was much wiſhing, ſighing, thinking,
Not without whiſpering, and winking.
Their pipes had then no ſhaking touch:
Their ſong and dance were like the Dutch:
The whole performance was by men,
Becauſe they had no Eunuchs then.
But, whilſt the muſick briſkly play'd,
Romulus at his cue diſplay'd
The ſign for each man to his maid.
"Huzza!" they cry; then ſeize: ſome tremble
In real fact, though moſt diſſemble.
Some are attempting an eſcape,
And others ſoftly cry, "A rape!"
Whilſt ſome bawl out, "That they had rather
"Than twenty pound loſe an old father."
Some look extremely pale, and others red,
Some wiſh they 'd ne'er been born, or now were dead,
And others fairly wiſh themſelves a-bed.
Some rant, tear, run; whilſt ſome ſit ſtill,
To ſhew they 're raviſh'd much againſt their will.
Thus Rome began; and now at laſt,
After ſo many ages paſt,
Their rapes and lewdneſs without ſhame;
Their vice and villainy 's the ſame.
Ill be their fate who would corrupt the Stage,
And ſpoil the true corrector of the age!

PART III.

Now learn those arts which teach you to obtain
Those beauties which you see divinely reign.
Though they by Nature are transcendent bright,
And would be seen ev'n through the gloom of night;
Yet they their greatest lustre still display,
In the meridian pitch of calmest day.
'Tis then we purple view, and costly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults seek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their Fair-one as inconstant too.
When Modesty supported is by Truth,
There is a boldness that becomes your youth.
In gentle sounds disclose a Lover's care,
'Tis better than your sighing and despair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd Impudence sometimes will try
At things which Justice cannot but deny.
Then, what that says is Insolence and Pride,
Is Prudence, with firm Honour for its guide.
The Lady's counsels often are betray'd
By trusting secrets to a servile Maid,
The whole intrigues of whose insidious brain
Are base, and only terminate in gain.

Let them take care of too diffuſive mirth;
Suſpicions thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been deſtroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean ſongs, and free diſcourſe,
With ſly inſinuations, may prove worſe
To tender Females than the Trojan Horſe.
Take care how you from Virtue ſtray;
For Scandal follows the ſame way,
And more than Truth it will deviſe.
Old Poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *ſurprize*.
Some ſay that Myrrha lov'd her Father,
That Byblis lik'd her Brother rather.
And in ſuch tales old Greece did glory:
Amongſt the which, pray take this Story.
Crete was an Iſle, whoſe fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida ſtood
A venerable ſpacious wood,
Within whoſe centre was a grove
Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
In vales below a Bull was fed,
Whom all the Kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the reſt of him was driven ſnow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the ſame time one Juſtice Minos,
That liv'd hard-by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might ſhew more ſtately,

When through her pedigree he run,
Found ſhe was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Paſiphaë was hight,
And, as her Father, ſhe was bright.
This Lady took up an odd fancy,
That with this Bull ſhe fain would dance ye.
She'd mow him graſs, and cut down boughs,
On which his ſtatelineſs might browſe.
Whilſt thus ſhe hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos muſt have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine,
She'd rather trudge among the Kine.
Then at her Toilet ſhe would ſay,
" Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day.
" Sure my glaſs lies, I'm not ſo fair:
" Oh, were this face o'ergrown with hair!
" I never was for top-knots born;
" My favourites ſhould each be horn.
" But now I'm liker to a Sow
" Than, what I wiſh to be, a Cow —
" What would I give that I could lough!
" My Bull-y cares for none of thoſe
" That are afraid to ſpoil their cloaths:
" Did he but love me, he'd not fail
" To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall, and then ſhe'd run,
As would the Devil upon Dun.
When ſhe ſome handſome Cow did ſpy,
She'd ſcan her form with jealous eye;

Say, " How she frisks it o'er the plain,
" Runs on, and then turns back again!
" She seems a Bear resolv'd to prance,
" Or a She-ass that tries to dance.
" In vain she thinks herself so fine:
" She can't please Bull-y, for he 's mine.
" But 'tis revenge alone assuages
" My envy when the passion rages.
" Here, Rascal, quickly yoke that Cow,
" And see the shrivel'd carrion plough.
" But second counsel 's best: she dies:
" I'll make immediate sacrifice,
" And with the victim feast my eyes.
" 'Tis thus my Rivals I'll remove
" Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love.
" Io in Egypt 's worship'd now,
" Since Jove transform'd her to a Cow.
" 'Twas on a Bull Europa came
" To that blest land which bears her name.
" Who knows what Fate 's ordain'd for me
" The languishing Pasiphaë,
" Had I a Bull as kind as she!"
When madness rages with unusual fire,
'Tis not in Nature's power to quench desire;
Then Vice transforms man's reason into beast,
And so the monster 's made the Poet's jest.

PART IV.

LET Youth avoid the noxious heat of Wine:
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill design.
The grape, when scatter'd on the wings of Love,
So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwise would fleeting stray,
Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to stay.
Then courage rises, when the spirit's fir'd,
And rages to possess the thing desir'd:
Care vanishes through the exalted blood,
And sorrow passes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a soul,
Whose thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain simple truth from a dissembling heart.
Then to some wanton passion he must run,
Which his discreeter hours would gladly shun;
Where he the time in thoughtless ease may pass,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glass;
Whilst sinking eyes with languishment profess
Follies his tongue refuses to confess.
Then his good-nature will take t'other sup,
If she'll first kiss, that he may kiss the cup.
Then something nice and costly he could eat,
Supposing still that she will carve the meat.
But, if a Brother or a Husband's by,
Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a spy,

He thinks it not below him to pretend
The open-heartedneſs of a true friend;
Gives him reſpect ſurpaſſing his degree:
The perſon that is meant by all is *ſhe*.
'Tis thought the ſafeſt way to hide a paſſion,
And therefore call'd the friendſhip now in faſhion.
By ſecret ſigns and enigmatic ſtealth,
She is the toaſt belongs to every health:
And all the Lover's buſineſs is to keep
His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from ſleep:
He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, ſing ye, vault, look gay,
And ruffle all the Ladies in his play.
But ſtill the Gentleman's extremely fine;
There's nothing apiſh in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been bit
By marrying in the drunken fit.
To lay the matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilſt I tell my ſtory.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnoſſis a girl had loſt her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand,
Whereabouts now York Buildings ſtand:
And half-awak'd ſhe roar'd as bad
As if ſhe really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down:
Her ſhoes were ſlipt, her ancles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
Oh, cruel Theſeus! can you go,
And leave your little Gnoſſis ſo?

You in your ſcull' did promiſe carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then laſt night away did creep,
And baſely left me faſt aſleep.
Then ſhe is falling in a fit:
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather ſupplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbies then are beat again:
Women in paſſion feel no pain.
What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me? oh, tell me that!
Bacco was Drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his cuſtom was, got drunk,
And then went ſtrolling for a punk.
Six links and lanterns, 'cauſe 'twas dark yet,
He preſs'd from Covent-Garden Market:
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd leſt he ſhould break their pates.
But, as along in ſtate he paſſes,
He met a fellow driving aſſes:
For there are ſeveral folks, whoſe trade is
To milk them for conſumptive ladies.
Nothing would ſerve but get aſtride,
And the old Bell-man too muſt ride.
What with their hooting ſhouting yell,
The ſcene had ſomething in 't of hell.

And who ſhould all this rabble meet,
But Gnoſſy drabbling in the ſtreet?
The fright deſtroy'd her ſpeech and colour,
And all remembrance of her ſculler.
Her conduct thrice bade her be flying:
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
Like bullruſhes on ſide of brook,
Or aſpin leaves, her joints all ſhook.
Bacco cry'd out, " I'm come, my dear;
" I'll ſoon diſperſe all thoughts of fear:
" Nothing but joys ſhall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Proteſted, " She ſhould have no harm:
" But rather would aſſure her, he
" Rejoic'd in opportunity
" Of meeting ſuch a one as ſhe:
" And that, encircled all around
" With glaſs and candles many a pound,
" She ſhould with bells command the bar,
" And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star:
" That the good company were met,
" And ſhould not want a wedding-treat."
In ſhort, they married, and both made ye,
He a free Landlord, ſhe a kind Landlady.

The Spartan Lords their Villains would invite
To an exceſs of drink in children's ſight.
The parent thus their innocence would ſave,
And to the load of Wine condemn the ſlave.

PART V.

THE ſeaſon muſt be mark'd for nice addreſs:
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour leſs.
Not the wiſe Gardener more diſcretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful ſeeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, muſt guard his flowers,
Than Lovers do to watch their moſt auſpicious hours.
As the judicious pilot views from far
The influences of each riſing ſtar,
Where ſigns of future calms or ſtorms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
So Love's attendant by long art deſcries
The riſe of growing paſſion from the eyes.
Love has its Feſtival as well as Faſt,
Nor does its Carnival for ever laſt.
What was a viſit, now is to intrude;
What's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
Small ſigns denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilſt with deſponding care his Rival grieves.
Whene'er it may ſeem proper you ſhould write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope *, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.

* Sir Car Scrope, one of thoſe writers in the reign of King Charles the Second, that Mr. Pope calls

"The mob of Gentlemen who write with eaſe."

He

Submiſſive voice and words do beſt agree
To their hard fortune who muſt ſuppliants be.
It was by ſpeech like this great Priam won
Achilles' ſoul, and ſo obtain'd his ſon.

HOPE is an uſeful Goddeſs in your caſe,
And will increaſe your ſpeed in Cupid's race.
Though in its promiſes it fail ſometimes,
Yet with freſh reſolution ſtill it climbs.
Though much is loſt at play; yet HOPE at laſt
Drives on, and meets with ſome ſucceſsful caſt.
Why then make haſte; on paper ting'd with gold,
By quill of dove, thy love-ſick tale unfold.
Move ſprightly, knowing 'tis for life you puſh:
Your Letter will not, though yourſelf might bluſh.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The Britiſh Youth—to ſtudy rules of ſpeech:
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives ſecret ſtrength to juſtice in a cauſe.
To that the crowd, the judge, the ſenate, yield:
'Gainſt that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, though clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the firſt ſight;
But from your ſhade riſe by degrees of light.

He was created a Baronet, January 16, 1666. The greater part of his writings conſiſt of Tranſlations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with ſome Love Songs and Lampoons. Some ſpecimens of them are to be found in the "Select Collection of Miſcellany Poems, 1780." He died ſome time in the year 1680. N.

Dreſs thoughts as if Love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.
  Suppoſe that your firſt Letter is ſent back;
Yet ſhe may yield upon the next attack.
If not; by art a Diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft water-drops the marble will deſtroy,
And ten years' ſiege prove conqueror of Troy.
  Suppoſe ſh' has read, but then no anſwer gave:
It is ſufficient ſhe admits her ſlave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love ſent back again.
  Perhaps ſhe writes, but 'tis to bid you ceaſe,
And that your lines but diſcompoſe her peace.
This is a ſtratagem of Cupid's war:
She 'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your conſtancy would try:
She 's neareſt much when ſeeming thus to fly.
Purſue the fair diſdain through every place
That with her preſence ſhe vouchſafes to grace.
If to the Play ſhe goes, be there, and ſee
How Love rewarded makes the Comedy.
Fly to the Park, if thither ſhe 'd retire;
Perhaps ſome gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to Court, then follow, where you 'll find
Majeſtic Truth with ſacred Hymen join'd.
  It is in vain ſome ſtudy to profeſs
Their inclination by too nice a dreſs,
As not content with manly cleanlineſs.

Mien, ſhape, or manner, no addition needs:
There 's ſomething careleſs that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely ſolitudes,
Rough Theſeus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolitus freſh hunting from the woods,
O'er Heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and ſnuff-box might have fail'd.
No youth that 's wiſe will to his figure truſt,
As if ſo fine to be accoſted firſt.
Diſtreſs muſt aſk, and gratefully receive:
'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour, they can give.
There 's ſome have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a ſubmiſſion that is leſs than man,
Might gain their end; but ſunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your ſtory 's told:
There 's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will aſſiſt your claim;
And Cupid dart the breaſt at which you aim.
No need of ſtudied ſpeech, or ſkilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the ſchools;
Where ſofteſt words and accents will be found
All flowing in, to form the charming ſound.
Of her you love bright images you 'll raiſe:
When juſt, they are not flattery, but praiſe.
What can be ſaid too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years' ſpace Egypt had fruitleſs ſtood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood;

When Thrasius said, " That blessing to regain,
" The Gods require a stranger should be slain."
" Be thou the man," (the fierce Busiris cries:)
" I'll make th' adviser his own sacrifice;
" Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, first and last of's trade,
For Phalaris a Bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the brasier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honest fellow,
Precedence in his Bull to bellow.
The Tyrants both did right: No law more just
Than, " He that thinks of ill, should feel it first."
Curst be their arts, unstudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falsehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinsman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whose eager passion finds its sure relief,
When terminating in another's grief!
Careless hereafter what they promise now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithless Jove,
Who laughs, they say, at perjury in Love.
They think they have a thousand ways to please,
Ten thousand more to rob the mind of ease.
For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantastic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be Lion, River, Bear,
A Tree, or any thing that's fram'd of air.

Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.
But they, who through this courſe of miſchief run,
Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE.
Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did deſire him:
For Diſcord, you muſt know, had thrown
An Apple where 'twas two to one;
But, if a ſtir was made about it,
Two of the three muſt go without it:
And ſo it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who reſolv'd to have it.
(The ſtory here would be too long:
But you may find it in the Song.)
Venus, although not over-virtuous,
Yet ſtill deſigning to be courteous,
Reſolved to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
Firſt ſtol'n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother;
And thence in Greece aroſe that pother,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, make us ſuch a cant.
It was a juſt and noble cauſe,
The breach of hoſpitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to ſeek relief.

But, when they ſought the country round,
There 's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t' have loſt him,
And therefore thus ſhe did accoſt him:
" My pretty dear, let me perſuade ye
" This once for to become a lady.
" This petticoat and mantua take,
" And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
" I've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
" Becauſe you 're ſomething of the talleſt.
" I'd have you never go unlac'd,
" For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
" Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
" Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee 'twill do.
" You'd perfect all you now begin,
" Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a Friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was ſent to her, to mend her breeding.
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt:
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, " Whilſt ſhe'd ſtay,
" His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."

At first there much reserv'dness past:
But, when acquaintance grew at last,
They'd jest, and every one would shew
Her works, which she could never do.
One said, her fingers were most fitting
For the most fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all must help her for love's sake.
Zoe, undrest in night-gown tawdry,
With clumsy fist must work embroidery;
Whilst others try her greasy clunches
With stoning currants in whole bunches.
But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Mistrusted something by the by,
And, sighing, thus one night she said,
"Why, Zoe may n't we go to bed?"
"Soon as you please, good Mistress Ded."
The fleeting months soon roll about;
Time came when murder all must out.
Zoe, for fear of the old man,
Into the army quickly ran;
And sav'd the slitting of his nose,
By timely changing of her cloaths.
Thus, whilst we Glory's dictates shun,
Into the snares of Vice we run;
And he that should his country serve,
And beauty by his worth deserve,
In female softness wanton stays,
And what he should adore betrays.

PART VI.

BUT now, O happy Youth, thy prize is found,
And all thy wishes with success are crown'd.
Not Io Pæans, when Apollo's prais'd;
Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
To welcome Peace with her Augustus home;
Can more delight a brave and generous mind,
Than it must you to see a Beauty kind:
The bays to me with gratitude you'll give,
Like Hesiod and like Homer make me live.
Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought.
Thus prosperous Jason, rich with golden fleece,
On Argos' vocal timber sail'd to Greece.
But stay, fond Youth; the danger is not past:
You're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor cast.
From you my heart may still more bays deserve,
If what by me you gain'd, by me you shall preserve.
Nor than the conquest is the glory less,
To fix the throne on that which you possess.
Now, Erato, divinest, softest Muse,
Whose name and office both do Love infuse,
Assist my great design: If Venus' Son,
That vagabond, would from his mother run,
And then, with soaring wings and body light,
Through the vast world's extent would take his flight;

By artful bonds let me ſecure his ſtay,
And make his univerſal power obey.
Whilſt I my art would thus improve,
And fondly thought to ſhackle Love,
Two neighbours that were ſtanding by,
Tormented both with jealouſy,
Told me it was in vain to try.
When one began his tale, as thus:
" Perhaps you 've heard of Dædalus,
" When Minos would have made him ſtay,
" How through the clouds he found his way.
" He was a workman wiſe and good,
" Building was what he underſtood.
" Like to the houſe where we act Plays,
" He made a turning winding maze,
" Fitting to harbour acts of ſin,
" And put a Whore and Baſtard in.
" I've done your work; and now my truſt is,
" Good Sir, that you will do me juſtice.
" 'Tis true I hither fled for murther;
" Let my misfortunes go no further;
" Some end all puniſhments ſhould have,
" Birth to the wretch my country gave:
" Let it afford me now a grave.
" Diſmiſs my ſon; at leaſt, if rather
" You 'd keep the boy, diſmiſs his Father.
" This he might ſay, and more, or ſo;
" But Minos would not let him go.
" At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
" It is in danger wit is tried:

" Minos poſſeſſes Earth and Sea;
" The ſky and fire are left for me.
" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
" If I approach your ſeats above.
" It is neceſſity that draws
" A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.
" Thus he began: Full many a feather
" With twine of thread he ſtitch'd together:
" (Abundance more than are enough
" To make your wife and mine a muff.)
" Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
" To fix the whole, but melted wax:
" That was the work of the young boy,
" Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
" Not gueſſing, ere he was much older,
" He ſhould have one upon each ſhoulder.
" To whom his Father: Here's the Ship
" By which we muſt from Minos ſlip.
" Child, follow me, juſt as I fly on,
" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
" I'll be your guide; and never fear,
" Conducted by a Father's care.
" The Virgin and Bootes ſhun.
" Take heed leſt you approach the Sun;
" His flaming influence will be felt,
" And the diffuſive wax will melt.
" The ſea by riſing fogs diſcover;
" O'er that, be ſure, you never hover:
" It would be difficult to drag
" Your wetted pinions, ſhould they flag.

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" Between them both the ſky is fair,
" No winds or hurricanes are there,
" But you may fan the fleeting air.
" Thus ſpeaking, he with whipcord-ſtrings
" Faſtens, and then extends, the wings:
" And, when the youth's completely dreſt,
" Juſt as the Eagle from her neſt
" By gentle flights her Eaglet tries
" To dare the ſun, and mount the ſkies;
" The Father ſo his Boy prepares,
" Not without kiſs and falling tears.
" In a large plain, a riſing height
" Gives ſome aſſiſtance to their flight.
" With a quick ſpring and fluttering noiſe,
" They in the ſky their bodies poiſe.
" Back on his Son the Father looks,
" Praiſing his ſwift and even ſtrokes.
" Now dreadleſs, with bold art ſupplied,
" He does on airy billows ride,
" And ſoar with an ambitious pride.
" Mortals, who by the limpid flood
" With patient angle long have ſtood,
" On the ſmooth water's ſhining face
" See the amazing creatures paſs,
" Look up aſtoniſh'd, whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand whoſe ſenſe is dead.
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros, and Delos bleſt abode
" And parent of the Clarian God:

" Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's Groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's Fens
" Breed ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens:
" When the unwary Boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might ſpy
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky;
" Far from his Father's call and aid
" His wings in glittering fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction, ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.
" Then, " Father! Father!" he 'd have cried:
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,
" Whilſt diſmal fear contracts his breath.
" And the rough wave completes his death.
" My Son! my Son!" long might the Father cry:
" There is no track to ſeek him in the ſky.
" By floating wings his body found
" Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
" His art, though not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
" And the Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
If men from Minos could eſcape,
And into Birds transform their ſhape,

And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be ſold them;
The thought from madneſs ſurely ſprings
To fix a God that 's born with wings.
Quoth t 'other man, " Sir, if you 'll tarry,
" I'll tell you a tale of my Boy Harry,
" Would make a man afraid to marry.
" This Boy does oft' from paper white
" In miniature produce a Kite.
" With tender hands the wood he bends,
" On which the body he extends:
" Paſte made of flour with water mix'd
" Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
" Then ſciſſars from the maid he 'll borrow,
" With promiſe of return to-morrow.
" With thoſe he paper nicely cuts,
" Which on the ſides for wings he puts.
" The tail, that 's an eſſential part,
" He manages with equal art;
" With paper ſhreds at diſtance tied,
" As not too near, nor yet too wide,
" Which he to fitting length extends,
" Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.
" Next packthread of the eveneſt twine,
" Or ſometimes ſilk, he 'll to it join,
" Which, by the guidance of his hand,
" Its riſe or downfall may command;
" Or carry meſſengers to ſee
" If all above in order be.
" Then wanton Zephyrs fan it till it riſe,
" And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure ſkies.

" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He 'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lantern with tranſparent folds,
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glittering with myſterious rays
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
" Then comes the Conjurer o' th' place,
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying-pole from far
" Pronounces it a Blazing-ſtar:
" That wheat ſhall fall, and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year:
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine:
" That fair maids' ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
" Before they loſe their maidenhead;
" And widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
" A month at leaſt before they marry.
" But, whilſt the fool his thought enjoys,
" The whole contrivance was my Boy's.
" Now, mark me, 'twas from ſuch-like things
" The Poets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
" If a Child's nature thus can ſoar,
" And all this lies within his power,
" His mother ſurely can do more.
" Pray tell me what is to be done,
" If ſhe 'll with Cuckold-makers run.
" No watchful care of jealous eye
" Can hinder, if eſcape ſhe 'll try;
" The Kite will to her carrion fly."

Where native Modeſty the mind ſecures,
The Huſband has no need of locks and doors;
The ſpecious Comet, fram'd by Jealouſy,
Will prove deluſion all, and all a lye.

PART VII.

Not all the Herbs by ſage Medea found,
Not Marſan drugs, though mixt with magick found,
Not philtres ſtudied by Theſſalian art,
Can fix the mind, and conſtancy impart.
Could theſe prevail, Jaſon had felt their charms;
Ulyſſes ſtill had died in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely, if you'll be belov'd:
Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
By Time the blooming outſide will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the roſe-tree left.
Then lay up ſtores of learning and of wit,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſcorn the Acherontic pit,
And, whilſt thoſe fleeting ſhadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.
Ulyſſes had no magick in his face;
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the watery Goddeſſes deceiv'd:
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bore.

" Your paſſage often I by art delay'd
" Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.
" Here you have often on this rolling ſand
" Deſcrib'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand.
" Here 's Troy, and this circumference its walls:
" Here Simoïs gently in the ocean falls:
" Here lies my camp: theſe are the ſpacious fields
" Where to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields.
" This of Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
" On with the pleaſing tale your language went,
" When a tenth wave did with one flaſh deſtroy
" The platform of imaginary Troy.
" By fear like this I would enforce your ſtay,
" To ſee what names the waters toſs'd away.
" I took you caſt up helpleſs by the ſea:
" Thouſands of happy hours you paſs'd with me;
" No mention made of old Penelope.
" On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
" But write our benefits upon the wave.
" Why then be gone, the ſeas uncertain truſt;
" As I found *you*, ſo may you find them juſt.
" Dying Calypſo muſt be left behind,
" And all your vows be wafted with the wind."
Fond are the hopes he ſhould be conſtant now,
Who to his tendereſt part had broke his vow.
By artful charms the Miſtreſs ſtrives in vain
The looſe inconſtant wanderer to gain.
Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

INDULGENCE ſoon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harſh, that ſees another kind?
Moſt times the greateſt art is to comply
In granting that which juſtice might deny.
We form our tender plants by ſoft degrees,
And from a warping ſtem raiſe ſtately trees.
To cut th' oppoſing waves, we ſtrive in vain;
But, if we riſe with them, and fall again,
The wiſh'd-for land with eaſe we may attain.
Such complaiſance will a rough humour bend;
And yielding to one failure ſave a friend.
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine,
To make ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
The Hawk we hate, as living ſtill in arms,
And Wolves aſſiduous in the Shepherd's harms.
The ſociable Swallow has no fears:
Upon our towers the Dove her neſt prepares,
And both of them live free from human ſnares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights
The ſofteſt Love in gentle ſound delights.
Smooth mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
Such as when Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
All o'er the ſacred down which made the bridal bed.

Theſe blandiſhments keep Love upon the wing,
His preſence freſh, and always in the ſpring:
This makes a proſpect endleſs to the view,
With light that riſes ſtill, and ſtill is new;
At your approach, find every thing ſerene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian Queen,
Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
With Muſes ſprung from Jove, and Graces Three.
Birds ſhot by you, Fiſh by your angle caught,
The Golden Apples from Heſperia brought,
The bluſhing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
Laid in freſh beds of flowers and ſcented greens,
Fair Lilies ſtrew'd with bloody Mulberries,
Or Grapes whoſe juice made Bacchus reach the ſkies,
May oftentimes a grateful preſent make,
Not for the value, but the giver's ſake.

Perhaps ſhe may at vacant hours peruſe
The happy product of your eaſy Muſe.
Far from intrigue and ſcandal be your verſe;
But praiſe of virgin-modeſty rehearſe;
Mauſolus by his conſort deified;
How for Admetus bleſt Alceſtis died.
Since Overbury's "Wife*," no Poets ſeem
T' have choſe a wiſer or a nobler theme.

You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer;
Pardon a ſervant, let all come from her.

* This poem, ſuppoſed to have been written for the Earl of Somerſet, is the character of a good woman, juſt the reverſe of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through ſixteen editions in 1638. N.

Thus what you grant if she must recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
We send our favourite son to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
And find what heavenly pleasure 'tis to give.
Praise all her actions, think her dress is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join;
Your wealth does best, when plac'd on beauty, shine.
If she in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphytrite rises from the sea.
If by her the purpureal velvet 's worn,
Think that she rises like the blush of morn.
And, when her silks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chinese or in the Persian loom,
Think that she then like Pallas is array'd,
By whose mysterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which she winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing, let your genius fly:
When in her song the note expires, then die.

If in the Autumn, when the wasting year
Its plenty shews, that soon must disappear;
When swelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
And Pear and Apple, fresh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taste perhaps invite
That which we seldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and sudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence presides;

Her feverish blood should pulse unusual find,
Or vaporous damps of spleen should sink her mind;
Then is the time to shew a Lover's cares:
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
Give the salubrious draughts with your own hand;
Persuasion has the force of a command.
Watch, and attend; then your reward will prove,
When she recovers, full increase of Love.

Far from this Love is haughty pride,
Which ancient Fables best deride;
Women imperious, void of shame,
And careless of their Lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boast,
Tormenting him that loves them most.

When Hercules, by labours done,
Had prov'd himself to be Jove's son,
By peace which he to Earth had given,
Deserv'd to have his rest in Heaven;
Envy, that strives to be unjust,
Resolv'd to mortify him first;
And, that he should enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphalé,
Who should his Heroship expose
By spinning hemp in women's cloaths,
Her mind she did vouchsafe one day
Thus to her Lover to display:

" Come quickly, Sir, off with this Skin:
" Think you I'll let a Tanner in?
" If you of Lions talk, or Boars,
" You certainly turn out of doors.

" Your club's abundantly too thick
" For one ſhall move a fiddle-ſtick.
" What ſhould you do with all thoſe arrows?
" I will have nothing kill'd but Sparrows.
" Heccy, this day you may remember;
" For you ſhall ſee a Lady's chamber.
" Let me be rightly underſtood:
" What I intend is for your good.
" In boddice I deſign to lace ye,
" And ſo among my Maids I'll place ye.
" When you're genteeler grown, and thinner,
" May be I'll call you up to dinner.
" With arms ſo brawny, fiſts ſo red,
" You'll ſcrub the rooms, or make the bed.
" You can't ſtick pins, or frieze my hair.
" Bleſs me! you've nothing of an air.
" You'll ne'er come up to working point:
" Your fingers all ſeem out of joint.
" Then, beſides, Heccy, I muſt tell ye,
" An idle-hand has empty belly:
" Therefore this morning I'll begin,
" Try how your clumſineſs will ſpin.
" You are my ſhadow, do you ſee:
" Your hope, your thought, your wiſh, all be
" Invented and control'd by me.
" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horror, if I frown.
" Say as I ſay: ſervants can't lie.
" Your truth is my propriety.

" Nay, you ſhould be to torture brought,
" Were I but jealous you tranſgreſt in thought;
" Or if from Jove your ſingle wiſh ſhould crave
" The fate of not continuing ſtill my ſlave.
" There is no Lover that is wiſe
" Pretends to win at cards or dice.
" 'Tis for his Miſtreſs all is thrown:
" Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.
" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
" Whom every beauty did adorn
" Freſh as Aurora's bluſhing morn,
" Into the horrid woods is run,
" Where he ne'er ſees the ray of ſun,
" Nor to his palace dares return,
" Where he for Pſyche's love did burn,
" And found correction at her hands
" For diſobeying juſt commands;
" But muſt his ſilent penance do
" For once not buckling of her ſhoe:
" A good example, child, for you.
" Which ſhews you, when we have our fool,
" We've policy enough to rule:
" I might have made you ſuch a fellow,
" As ſhould have carried my umbrella,
" Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
" And bade the mob not come too near;
" Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
" Nay, been a helper in the ſtable.

" To my commands obedience pay
" At dead of night, or break of day.
" Speed is your province; if 'tis I
" That bid you run, you ought to fly.
" He that Love's nimble paſſion feels
" Will ſoon outſtrip my chariot wheels.
" Through Dog-ſtar's heat he 'll tripping go,
" Nor leaves he print upon the ſnow.
" The wind itſelf to him is ſlow.
" He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
" A bed of earth midſt ſhowers of rain,
" After no ſupper, are his gain.
" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
" And in a little cottage lay:
" All this he did for fear of Jove;
" And who would not do more for Love?
" If entrance is by locks denied,
" Then through the roof or window ſlide.
" Leander each night ſwam the ſeas,
" That he might thereby Hero pleaſe.
" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to ſee
" Your life in danger, when for me.
" You 'll find my ſervants in a row;
" Remember then you make your bow;
" For they are your ſuperiors now.
" No matter if you do engage
" My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,

" My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,
" Or any thing that does partake
" Of that admittance which you lack.
" But after all you may n't prevail,
" And your moſt glittering hopes may fail:
" For Ceres does not always yield
" The crop entruſted to the field.
" Fair gales may bring you to a coaſt
" Where you 'll by hidden rocks be loſt.
" Love is tenacious of its joys,
" Gives ſmall reward for great employs;
" But has as many griefs in ſtore
" As ſhells by Neptune caſt on ſhore;
" As Athos Hares, as Hybla Bees,
" Olives on the Palladian trees.
" And, when his angry arrows fall,
" They 're not found ting'd with common gall.
" You 're told I 'm not at home, 'tis true:
" I may be there, but not for you;
" And I may let you ſee it too.
" Perhaps I bid you come at night:
" If the door 's ſhut, ſtay till 'tis light.
" Perhaps my Maid ſhall bid you go:
" A thing ſhe knows you dare not do.
" Your rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
" And laugh to ſee his foe in pain,
" All this and more you muſt endure,
" If you from me expect a cure.
" 'Tis fitting I ſhould ſearch the wound,
" Leſt all your danger be not found."

When eaſy fondneſs meets with woman's pride,
Nothing which *that* can aſk muſt be denied.
He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
Is pleas'd to ſeem a female and a ſlave:
The Hero, number'd with the gods before,
Is ſo debas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

NOT by the ſail with which you put to ſea
Can you where Thetis ſwells conducted be;
To the ſame port you'll different paſſage find,
And fill your ſheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
You nurs'd the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous big,
And ſleep beneath the ſhade you knew a twig.
The bubbling ſpring, increas'd by floods and rain,
Rolls with impetuous ſtream, and foams the main:
So Love augments in juſt degrees; at length
By nutrimental fires it gains its ſtrength.
Daily till midnight let kind looks or ſong,
Or tales of love, the pleaſing hours prolong.
No wearineſs upon their bliſs attends
Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than friends.
So Philomels, of equal mates poſſeſt,
With a congenial heat, and downy reſt,
And care inceſſant, hover o'er their neſt:
Hence from their eggs (ſmall worlds whence all things ſpring)
Produce a race by nature taught to ſing;

Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
Had their parental love ſtray'd far from home.
By a ſhort abſence mutual joys increaſe:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful ſhower reſtrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.
So let not grief too much diſturb thoſe hearts,
Which for a while the war or buſineſs parts.
'Twas hard to let Proteſilaus go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulyſſes made indeed a tedious ſtay,
His twenty winters' abſence was delay;
But happineſs revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with freſh incenſe burn:
Tales of his ſhip, her web, they both recount;
Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could ſurmount.

Make thou ſpeed back; haſte to her longing arms:
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a Lover's fears:
They meaſure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always Virtue's friends,
'Tis what their Muſe ſtill recommends:
But then the fatal track it ſhows
Where devious vice through trouble goes.
They tell us, how a huſband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair
In hands of a young ſpark, call'd Paris;
And how the beauteous truſt miſcarries.

With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth:
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted,
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted;
And, whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe,
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd,
The devil a bit the gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, " 'Tis his fault to be gone;
" It ſha'n't be mine to lie alone.
" A vacant pillow's ſuch a jeſt,
" That with it I could never reſt.
" He ne'er conſider'd his own danger,
" To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
" Wolves would give good account of Sheep,
" Left to their vigilance to keep.
" Pray who, except 'twere Geeſe or Widgeons,
" Would hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons?
" Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
" That Menelaus now were dead:
" A pretty figure I ſhould make
" To go in mourning for his ſake.
" She that in widow's garb appears,
" Eſpecially when at my years,
" May ſeem to be at her laſt prayers.
" But I'll ſtill have my heart divided
" 'Twixt one to loſe, and one provided.

" He that is gone, is gone: leſs fear
" Of wanting him that I have here."
The ſequel was the Fire of Troy
Brought to deſtruction by this Boy.
They tell us, how a Wife provok'd,
And to a brutiſh Huſband yok'd,
Who, by diſtracting paſſion led,
Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
When on her Rival ſhe has ſeiz'd,
Seems with a ſecret horror pleas'd.
They then deſcribe her like ſome Boar
Plunging his tuſk in Maſtiff's gore;
Or Lioneſs, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
Roars for his Mother's furious help;
Or Baſiliſk when rouz'd, whoſe breath,
Teeth, ſting, and eye-balls, all are death;
Like franticks ſtruck by magick rod
Of ſome deſpis'd avenging God:
Make her through blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne ſacrifice her ſon;
And like Medea dart thoſe fires
By which Creüſa's ghoſt expires.
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the ſame crimes aſſuage.
To heighten and improve the curſe,
Becauſe he's bad, they make her worſe.
So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears,
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeïs hears;
But, when Lyrneſſis captive's led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,

Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But, when at laſt ſhe Priameïs ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſtus fly for eaſe;
In his adulterous arms does plots diſcloſe,
Which fill Mycenæ with ſtupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.

Ye Heavenly Powers! the female truth preſerve,
And let it not from native goodneſs ſwerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cauſe
Why men ſhould break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let ſuch fables and ſuch crimes remain
Only as fictions of the Poet's brain;
Yet marks ſet up to ſhun thoſe dangerous ſhelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themſelves!

PART X.

AT firſt, the ſtars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
Till Love Eternal did each being ſtrike
With voice Divine, to march, and ſeek its Like.
Then ſeeds of Heavens, then Air of vapourous ſound,
Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round,
On which the Bird, the Beaſt, the Fiſh, might move,
All center'd in that univerſal Love.
Then Man was fram'd with ſoul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler ſhare of Love than they:
To him was Woman, crown'd with virtue, given,
The moſt immediate work and care of Heaven.

Whilſt thus my darling thoughts in raptures ſung,
Apollo to my ſight in viſion ſprung.
His lyre with golden ſtrings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flouriſh in his hands.
Says he, " You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
" Your art at Delphi you will beſt complete.
" There's a ſhort maxim, prais'd when underſtood,
" Uſeful in practice, and divinely good,
" LET EACH MAN KNOW HIMSELF: ſtrive to excel:
" The pleaſure of the bleſt is doing well.
" 'Tis wiſdom to diſplay the ruling grace.
" Some men are happy in a charming face:
" Know it, but be not vain. Some manly ſhow
" By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
" There let them prove their ſkill; perhaps ſome heart
" May find that every ſhot is Cupid's dart.
" The prudent Lover, if his talent lies
" In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wiſe;
" So mixes words delicious to the ear,
" That all muſt be perſuaded who can hear.
" He that can ſing, let him with pleaſing ſound,
" Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
" Let not a Poet my own art refuſe:
" I'll come, and bring aſſiſtance to his Muſe."
But never by ill means your fortune puſh,
Nor raiſe your credit by another's bluſh.
The ſecret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what Gods in Samo-thracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave ſilence to conceal
What talk without diſcretion would reveal.

For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midſt of fruits and water, ſtarv'd and dry.
But Cytherea's modeſty requires
Moſt care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleaſing turn, makes that ſeem beſt,
Of which our lawful wiſhes are poſſeſt.
Andromeda, of Libyc hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monſters of the flood:
Wing'd Perſeus ſaw her beauty through that cloud.
Andromache had large majeſtic charms;
Therefore was fitteſt grace to godlike Hector's arms.
Beauties in ſmaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous Magick acts by ſlendereſt wands.
Like Cybele ſome bear a mother's ſway,
Whilſt infant Gods and Heroines obey.
Some rule like ſtars by guidance of their eyes,
And others pleaſe when like Minerva wiſe.
Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy, raiſe
Something that may exalt its Conſort's praiſe.
There will be little jealouſies,
By which Love's art its ſubjects tries.
They think it languiſhes with reſt,
But riſes, like the palm, oppreſt.
And as too much proſperity
Often makes way for luxury,
Till we, by turn of fortune taught,
Have wiſdom by experience bought:
So, when the hoary aſhes grow
Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow:

And then its craftineſs is ſhewn,
To raiſe your cares, to hide its own;
And have you by a rival croſt,
Only in hopes you may n't be loſt.
Sometimes they ſay that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear,
Or elſe dilacerate your hair,
Not ſo much for revenge as fear.
But ſhe perhaps too far may run,
And do what ſhe would have you ſhun,
Of which there 's a poetic ſtory
That, if you pleaſe, I 'll lay before you.
Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not aſking when or why,
Unto a certain ſort of matter,
Marrying her ſon unto his daughter:
And ſo to bed the couple went,
Not with their own, but friends' conſent.
This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us,
That firſt invented tongs and bellows;
For breath and fingers did their works
(We 'd fingers long before we 'd forks);
Which made his hands both hard and brawny,
When waſh'd, of colour orange-tawny.
His whole complexion was a ſallow,
Where black had not deſtroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the ſtronger,
T 'other ſpiny, though much longer;

So both to the proportion come
Of the fore-finger and the thumb.
In ſhort, the whole of him was naſty,
Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, haſty:
Deformity alike took place
Both in his manners and his face.
Venus had perfect ſhape and ſize;
But then ſhe was not over-wiſe:
For ſometimes ſhe her knee is crimping,
To imitate th' old man in limping.
Sometimes his dirty paws ſhe ſcorns,
Whilſt her fair fingers ſhew his horns.
But Mars, the Bully of the place, is
The chiefeſt ſpark in her good graces.
At firſt they're ſhy, at laſt grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was ſaid or done,
Till impudence defy'd the Sun.
Vulcan was told of this; quoth he,
"Is there ſuch roguery? I'll ſee!"
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's teſter rear'd;
Which, when a pully gave a ſnap,
Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
All thoſe he plac'd in the beſt room,
Then feign'd that he muſt go from home;
For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade.
Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any ſnare.

They went to bed, and so were caught;
And then they of repentance thought.
The show being ready to begin,
Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
Jove should be there, that does make bold
With Juno, that notorious scold;
Neptune, first Bargeman on the water;
Thetis, the Oyster-woman's daughter;
Pluto, that Chimney-sweeping sloven;
With Proserpine hot from her oven;
And Mercury, that's sharp and cunning
In stealing customs and in running;
And Dy the Midwife, though a Virgin;
And Æsculapius, the Surgeon;
Apollo, who might be Physician,
Or serve them else for a Musician;
The Piper Pan, to play her up;
And Bacchus, with his chirping cup;
And Hercules should bring his club in,
To give the Rogue a lusty drubbing;
And all the Cupids should be by,
To see their Mother's infamy.

One Momus cried, "You're hugely pleas'd;
"I hope your mind will soon be eas'd:
"For, when so publickly you find it,
"People, you know, will little mind it.
"They love to tell what no one knows,
"And they themselves only suppose.
"Not every husband can afford
"To be a Cuckold on record;

" Nor ſhould he be a Cuckold ſtyl'd,
" That once or ſo has been beguil'd,
" Unleſs he makes it demonſtration,
" Then puts it in ſome proclamation,
" With general voice of all the nation."

The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,
And for his key in left-ſide pocket groping,
Cries, " 'Tis but opening of that door,
" To prove myſelf a Cuckold, her a Whore."

They all deſir'd his leave that they might go;
They were not curious of ſo vile a ſhow:
Perſons concern'd might one another ſee,
And they'd believe ſince witneſſes were three.
And they, thus prov'd to be ſuch fooliſh elves,
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themſelves.
Diſcretion covers that which it would blame,
Until ſome ſecret bluſh and hidden ſhame
Have cur'd the fault without the noiſe of fame.

The work is done: and now let Ovid have
Some gratitude attending on his grave;
Th' aſpiring palm, the verdant laurel ſtrow,
And ſweets of myrtle-wreaths around it throw.
In Phyſick's Art as Podalirius ſkill'd,
Neſtor in Court, Achilles in the Field;
As Ajax had in ſingle Combat force,
And as Automedon beſt rul'd the Horſe;
As Chalcas vers'd in Prophecies from Jove;
So Ovid has the Maſterſhip of Love.
The Poet's honour will be much the leſs
Than that which by his means you may poſſeſs
In choice of Beauty's laſting happineſs.

But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant shield,
That she by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in British style you see,
Which mayn't so sounding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

PART XI.

I WHO the art of war to Danaans gave,
Will make Penthesilea's force as brave;
That both, becoming glorious to the fight,
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' shield,
My Amazonian darts shall make him yield.
A myrtle-crown with victory attends
Those who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has so many arms in store,
(Some men will say) why should you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With constancy maintain'd for twenty years,
Who can the fair Laodamia see
In her Lord's arms expire as well as he;
Can view Alcestis, who with joy removes
From earth, instead of him she so much loves;
Can hear of bright Evadne, who, in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
When Virtue has itself a female name,
So Truth, so Goodness, Piety, and Fame,

Would headſtrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
Or ſtoop to ſo much generoſity?
'Tis not with ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of bow,
That Female Warriors to their battle go:
They have no ſtratagem, or ſubtile wile;
Their native innocence can n'er beguile:
The Fox's various maze, Bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceneſs and the craft of men.
'Twas Jaſon that transferr'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another ſpouſe:
Theſeus left Gnoſſis on the ſands, to be
Prey to the birds, or monſters of the ſea:
Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
Return, and let his Phyllis name the ſhore.
Æneas wreckt, and hoſpitably us'd,
Fam'd for his piety, yet ſtill refus'd
To ſtay where lov'd, but left the dangerous ſword
By which ſhe died to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my inſtructions had not come to late:
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What firſt victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
Whilſt thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceleſs Virtue meet with fate unkind,
Bright Cytherea's ſacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus ſhe bade me teach:
" What had the harmleſs maid deſerv'd from thee?
" Thou haſt given weapons to her enemy;
" Whilſt in the field ſhe muſt defenceleſs ſtand,
" With want of ſkill, and more unable hand.

" Steſichorus, who would no ſubject find
" But harm to maids, was by the Gods ſtruck blind:
" But, when his ſong did with their glories riſe,
" He had his own reſtor'd, to praiſe their eyes.
" Be rul'd by me, and arms defenſive give;
" 'Tis by the Ladies' favours you muſt live."
She then one myſtic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle-crown) bade me with ſpeed devour.
I find the power inſpir'd; through purer ſky
My breath diſſolves in verſe, to make young Lovers die.
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn
How they may truth from flattering ſpeech diſcern.
But come with ſpeed; loſe not the flying day,
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither, though at Love's command, will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recall;
But, as the minutes paſs, muſt loſe them all.
Nor like what's paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a Goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year; 1600
Whilſt gliſtering ſnakes, by caſting off their ſkin,
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.
The Eagles caſt their bills, the Stag its horn;
But Beauty to that bleſſing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its uſe to forward Love, 1605
Grac'd by examples of the Powers above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaſte Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of ſome quality
Happen'd, they ſay, in Love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither ſay him No or Ay;
Nor would ſhe have him go his way.
This Lady thought it beſt to ſend
For ſome experienc'd truſty friend,
To whom ſhe might her mind impart,
T'unchain her own, and bind his heart;
A Tire-woman by occupation,
A uſeful and a choice vocation.
She ſaw all, heard all, never idle;
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would ſometimes hit;
Though in her ſort of rambling way
She many a ſerious truth would ſay.
Thus in much talk among the reſt
The oracle itſelf expreſt:
" I've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs
" There 's nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
" They might as well ſay that a field,
" Uncultivated, yet would yield
" As good a crop as that which ſkill
" With utmoſt diligence ſhould till;
" Our vintage would be very fine,
" If nobody ſhould prune their vine!

" Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
" Is given to ſuch as Heaven has bleſt;
" But all folks have not the ſame graces:
" There is diſtinction in our faces.
" There was a time I'd not repine
" For any thing amiſs in mine,
" Which, though I ſay it, ſtill ſeems fair;
" Thanks to my art as well as care!
" Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
" Their Fardingale and their Bandore,
" Their Pinners, Forehead-cloth, and Ruff,
" Content with their own cloth and ſtuff;
" With Hats upon their pates like Hives;
" Things might become ſuch Soldiers wives;
" Thought their own faces ſtill would laſt them
" In the ſame mould which Nature caſt them.
" Dark Paper Buildings then ſtood thick;
" No Palaces of Stone or Brick:
" And then, alas! were no Exchanges:
" But ſee how time and faſhion changes!
" I hate old things and age. I ſee,
" Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.
" Your Goldſmiths now are mighty neat:
" I love the air of Lombard-ſtreet.
" Whate'er a Ship from India brings,
" Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty things.
" The Cabinet, the Screen, the Fan,
" Pleaſe me extremely, if Japan:
" And, what affects me ſtill the more,
" They had none of them heretofore.

" When you're unmarried, never load ye
" With Jewels; they may incommode ye.
" Lovers mayn't dare approach; but moſtly
" They'll fear when married you'll be coſtly.
" Fine Rings and Lockets beſt are tried,
" When given to you as a Bride.
" In the mean time you ſhew your ſenſe
" By going fine at ſmall expence.
" Sometimes your Hair you upwards furl,
" Sometimes lay down in favourite curl:
" All muſt through twenty fiddlings paſs,
" Which none can teach you but your glaſs:
" Sometimes they muſt diſhevel'd lie
" On neck of poliſh'd ivory:
" Sometimes with ſtrings of pearl they're fix'd,
" And the united beauty mix'd;
" Or, when you won't their grace unfold,
" Secure them with a bar of gold.
" Humour and faſhions change each day;
" Not birds in foreſts, flowers in May,
" Would ſooner number'd be than they.
" There is a ſort of negligence,
" Which ſome eſteem as excellence,
" Your art with ſo much art to hide,
" That nothing of it be deſcried;
" To make your careleſs treſſes flow
" With ſo much air, that none ſhould know
" Whether they had been comb'd or no.
" But, in this ſo neglected Hair,
" Many a Heart has found its ſnare.

" Nature indeed has kindly ſent
" Us many things; more we invent:
" Little enough, as I may ſay,
" To keep our Beauty from decay.
" As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
" Our curling treſſes fall with age.
" But then by German herbs we find
" Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
" Sometimes we purchaſe Hair; and why?
" Is not all *that* our own we buy?
" You buy it publickly, ſay they:
" Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
" Of French *pomades* the town is full:
" Praiſe Heaven, no want of Spaniſh Wool!
" Let them look fluſht, let them look dead,
" That can't afford the White and Red.
" In Covent Garden you buy poſies,
" There we our Lilies and our Roſes.
" Who would a charming Eyebrow lack,
" Who can get any thing that's black?
" Let not theſe boxes open lie:
" Some folks are too much given to pry.
" Art not diſſembled would diſgrace
" The purchas'd beauties of our face:
" This if ſuch perſons ſhould diſcover,
" 'Twould rather loſe than gain a Lover.
" Who is there now but underſtands
" Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
" Though the idea's not ſo taking,
" And the ſkin ſeems but odd in making,

" Yet, when 'twill with freſh luſtre ſhine,
" Her ſpark will tell you 'tis divine.
" That Picture there your eye does ſtrike;
" It is the work of great Van Dyck,
" Which by a Roman would be fainted:
" What was't but canvas till 'twas painted?
" There's ſeveral things ſhould not be known:
" O'er theſe there is a curtain drawn,
" Till 'tis their ſeaſon to be ſhown.
" Your door on fit occaſions keep
" Faſt ſhut: who knows but you're aſleep?
" When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
" And what elſe at the toilet lies,
" Are all put on, we're ſaid to riſe.
" There was a Lady whom I knew,
" That muſt be nameleſs 'cauſe 'tis true,
" Who had the diſmaleſt miſchance
" I've heard of ſince I was in France:
" I do proteſt, the thoughts of it
" Have almoſt put me in a fit.
" Old Lady Meanwell's chamber-door,
" Juſt on the ſtairs of the firſt floor,
" Stood open: and pray who ſhould come,
" But Knowall flouncing in the room?
" No ſingle hair upon her head:
" I thought ſhe would have fell down dead.
" At laſt ſhe found a cap of hair,
" Which ſhe put on with ſuch an air,
" That every lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.

" I would not mortify one ſo,
" Except ſome twenty that I know.
" Her careleſſneſs and her defect
" Were laid to Miſtreſs Prue's neglect;
" And much ill-nature was betray'd,
" By noiſe and ſcolding with the maid.
" The young look on ſuch things as ſtuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When ſmooth, we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we ſquall.
" But, whate'er 'tis may be pretended,
" No face or ſhape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and muſt abide them,
" We therefore ſhould take care to hide them.
" You're ſhort; ſit ſtill, you 'll taller ſeem:
" You're only ſhorter from the ſtem.
" By looſer garb your leanneſs is conceal'd;
" By want of ſtays the groſſer ſhape's reveal'd.
" The more the blemiſhes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and ſhoes be neat.
" Some backs and ſides are wav'd like billows:
" Theſe holes are beſt made up with pillows.
" Thick fingers always ſhould command
" Without the ſtretching out the hand.
" Who has bad teeth ſhould never ſee
" A play, unleſs a Tragedy:
" For we can teach you how to ſimper,
" And when 'tis proper you ſhould whimper.
" Think that your grace and wit is now
" Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.

" Let room for ſomething more than breath
" Juſt ſhew the ends of milk-white teeth.
" There is a *je n' ſcai quoi* is found
" In a ſoft ſmooth affected ſound:
" But there 's a ſhrieking crying tone,
" Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done:
" And there are ſome, who laugh like men,
" As ne'er to ſhut their mouths again;
" So very loud and *mal-propos*,
" They ſeem like hautboys to a ſhow.
" But now for the reverſe: 'tis ſkill
" To let your tears flow when you will.
" It is of uſe when people die;
" Or elſe to have the ſpleen, and cry,
" Becauſe you have no reaſon why.
" Now for your talk—Come, let me ſee:
" Here loſe your *H*, here drop your *T*;
" Deſpiſe that *R:* your ſpeech is better
" Much for deſtroying of one letter.
" Now liſp, and have a ſort of pride
" To ſeem as if your tongue were tied:
" This is ſuch a becoming fault,
" Rather than want, it ſhould be taught.
" And now that you have learnt to talk,
" Pray let me ſee if you can walk.
" There 's many dancing-maſters treat
" Of management of ladies feet.
" There 's ſome their mincing gait have choſe,
" Treading without their heel or toes.

" She that reads Taſſo, or Malherbe*,
" Chuſes a ſtep that is *ſuperbe*.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running.
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
" As our Life-guard-men, all aſtride.
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation.
" That dance is graceful, and will pleaſe,
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,
" How to adorn the breaſt and head,
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" As the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or grey:
" Your black at Lent, your green in May;
" Your ſilamot when leaves decay.
" All colours in the ſummer ſhine:
" The nymphs ſhould be like gardens fine.
" It is the faſhion now-a-days,
" That almoſt every Lady plays.
" Baſſet and Piquet grow to be
" The ſubject of our Comedy:

* By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they ſeem not to have been the moſt faſhionable authors of that age. Our author has tranſlated what he calls " an admirable Ode of Malherbe." N.

" But whether we diverſion ſeek
" In theſe, in Comet, or in Gleek,
" Or Ombre, where true judgement can
" Diſcloſe the ſentiments of man;
" Let's have a care how we diſcover,
" Eſpecially before a Lover,
" Some paſſions which we ſhould conceal,
" But heats of play too oft' reveal;
" For, be the matter ſmall or great,
" There's like abhorrence for a cheat.
" There's nothing ſpoils a Woman's graces
" Like peeviſhneſs and making faces:
" Then angry words and rude diſcourſe,
" You may be ſure, become them worſe.
" With hopes of gain when we're beſet,
" We do too commonly forget
" Such guards as ſcreen us from thoſe eyes
" Which may obſerve us, and deſpiſe.
" I'd burn the cards, rather than know
" Of any of my friends did ſo:
" I've heard of ſome ſuch things; but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars, was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen,
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within;
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoaking;
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea.

" I see no reason but we may
" Be brisk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our Gentlemen would range,
" We'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
" If they're disposing for the Play,
" We'll hasten to the Opera:
" Or when they'll lustily carouse,
" We'll surely to the Indian House:
" And at such cost whilst thus we roam,
" For cheapness sake they'll stay at home.
" Few wise men's thoughts e'er yet pursued
" That which their eyes had never view'd:
" And so our never being seen
" Is the same thing as not t'have been.
" Grandeur itself and Poverty
" Were equal if no witness by:
" And they who always sing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
" Had Danaë been shut up still,
" She'd been a Maid against her will,
" And might have grown prodigious old,
" And never had her story told.
" 'Tis fit fair Maids should run a-gadding,
" To set the amorous Beaux a-madding.
" To many a Sheep the Wolf has gone
" Ere it can neatly seize on one;
" And many a Partridge scapes away
" Before the Hawk can pounce its prey:
" And so, if pretty Damsels rove,
" They'll find out *one* perhaps may love;

" If they no diligence will ſpare,
" And in their dreſſing ſtill take care.
" The Fiſher baits his hook all night,
" In hopes by chance ſome Eel may bite.
" Each with their different grace appears,
" Virgins with bluſh, Widows with tears,
" Which gain new Huſbands tender-hearted,
" To think how ſuch a couple parted.
" But then there are ſome foppiſh Beaux
" Like us in all things but their cloaths;
" That we may ſeem the more robuſt,
" And fitteſt to accoſt them firſt:
" With powder, paint, falſe locks, and hair,
" They give themſelves a female air;
" Who, having all their tale by rote,
" And harping ſtill on the ſame note,
" Will tell us that, and nothing more
" Than what a thouſand heard before.
" Though they all marks of Love pretend,
" There's nothing which they leſs intend:
" And, 'midſt a thouſand hideous oaths,
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd cloaths,
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an errant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe, undreſt,
Scuttles away as if poſſeſt.
The Governeſs cries, " Where d'ye run?"
" Why, Madam, I've but juſt begun."
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.

Virtue, without these little arts,
At first subdues, then keeps, our hearts:
And though more gracefully it shows
When it from lovely persons flows;
Yet often Goodness most prevails
When Beauty in perfection fails.
Though every feature mayn't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There 's nothing but will easy prove,
When all the rest 's made up by Love.

PART XIII.

VIRGINS should not unskill'd in Music be;
For what's more like themselves than Harmony?
Let not Vice use it only to betray,
As Syrens by their Songs entice their prey.
Let it with sense, with voice, and beauty join,
Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the Mind Divine:
For there 's a double grace when pleasing strings
Are touch'd by her that more delightful sings.
Thus Orpheus did the rage of deserts quell,
And charm'd the monstrous instruments of Hell.
New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
Whilst to the work officious marble ran.
Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
On the mute Fish safe through the rolling flood.
Nor are the essays of the Female wit
Less charming in the verses they have writ.

From ancient ages, Love has found the way
Its baſhful thoughts by Letters to convey;
Which ſometimes run in ſuch engaging ſtrain,
That pity makes the Fair write back again.
What's thus intended, ſome ſmall time delay:
His paſſion ſtrengthens rather by our ſtay.
Then with a cautious wit your pen with-hold,
Leſt a too free expreſſion make him bold.
Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
And in reproof let tenderneſs appear.
As he deſerves it, give him hopes of life:
A cruel Miſtreſs makes a froward Wife.
Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
A gentle ſtyle more excellent than art.
Aſtrea's * lines flow on with ſo much eaſe,
That ſhe who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
Orinda's† works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
True ſenſe in nice expreſſions will afford:

* A name aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world in the licentious reign of King Charles II. She was Authoreſs of ſeventeen Plays, two volumes of Novels, ſeveral Tranſlations, and many Poems. N.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the Priory of Cardigan, eſq. about the year 1647; and died in Fleet-ſtreet, in the month of June 1664. Her poems have been ſeveral times printed. She was alſo the writer of a volume of Letters, publiſhed many years after her death, to Sir Charles Cotterel, intituled, "Letters from "Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been admired.—Mrs. Philips was as much famed for her friendſhip, as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally eſteemed by the beſt poet

Whilſt Chudleigh's* words ſeraphic thoughts expreſs
In lofty grandeur, but without exceſs.
Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
But it muſt pierce us with Poetic ſound;
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female powers to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne, which they juſtly wear!
If greater things to leſſer we compare,
The ſkill of Love is like the art of War.
The General ſays, "Let him the Horſe command:
"You by that Enſign, you that Cannon ſtand:
"Where danger calls, let t'other bring ſupplies."
With pleaſure all obey, in hopes to riſe.
So, if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in Laws,
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native unaffected voice,
In ſinging what you bid him, will rejoice.
And wealth, as beauty orders it beſtow'd,
Would make ev'n Miſers in expences proud.
But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of Lovers' ſmarts,
And, like their God, ſo they feel Cupid's darts:

poet and the beſt divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addreſſed his diſcourſe "on the nature and effects of friendſhip" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an elegant Ode preſerved amongſt his Works. N.

* This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winſlade, in the county of Devon, eſq. She was born in the year 1656; became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, of Aſhton, in the ſame county, bart.; and died Dec. 15, 1710. Her Poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume, 8vo. the ſecond edition in 1709. She alſo publiſhed a volume of Eſſays upon ſeveral ſubjects in Proſe and Verſe, 1710. N.

The Gods and Kings are by their labours prais'd;
And they again by them to honour rais'd:
For none to Heaven or Majeſty expreſt
Their duty well, but in return were bleſt.
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn,
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,
His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Friend.
He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.
The Poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain, they give, a laſting name.
Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia riſe,
And Berenice's hair adorns the ſkies.
The ſacred Bard no treacherous craft diſplays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
Far from Ambition and Wealth's ſordid care,
In him good-nature and content appear:
And far from Courts, from ſtudious parties free,
He ſighs forth Laura's charms beneath ſome tree;
Deſpairing of the valued prize he loves,
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick deſire and paſſion ſtrong;
Where once it lights, there it continues long.
They know that Truth is the perpetual band,
By which the world and heaven of Love muſt ſtand.
The Poet's art ſoftens their tempers ſo,
That manners eaſy as their verſes flow.
Oh could they but juſt retribution find,
And as themſelves what they adore be kind!

In vain they boaſt of their celeſtial fire,
Whilſt there remains a Heaven to which they can't aſpire!
Apelles firſt brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,
Who elſe unknown to mortals might remain,
Hid in the caverns of her native main:
And with the Painter now the Poets join
To make the Mother and her Boy divine.
Therefore attend, and from their muſick learn
That which their minds inſpir'd could beſt diſcern.
Firſt ſee how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller lov'd.
Forget not Dorſet, in whoſe generous mind
Love, ſenſe, wit, honour, every grace combin'd;
And if for me you one kind wiſh would ſpare,
Anſwer a Poet to his friendly prayer.
Take Stepney's verſe, with candour ever bleſt;
For Love will there ſtill with his aſhes reſt.
There let warm ſpice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlaſting ſweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muſe is to be ſcorn'd:
Britain with equal worth is ſtill adorn'd.
See Halifax, where ſenſe and honour mixt
Upon the merits juſt reward have fixt:
And read their works, who, writing in his praiſe,
To their own verſe immortal laurels raiſe.
Learn Prior's lines; for they can teach you more
Than ſacred Ben, or Spenſer, did before:

And mark him well that uncouth Phyſick's art
Can in the ſofteſt tune of Wit impart.
See Paſtorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his ſlave;
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.
Through Rapin's nurſeries and gardens walk,
And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous colours talk.
Pomona ſee with Milton's grandeur riſe,
The moſt delicious fruit of Paradiſe,
With Apples might the firſt-born man deceive,
And more perſuaſive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,
Whom would I number up, I muſt outrun
The longeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

PART XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance ſhould be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is poſſeſt,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eye-balls ſhoot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' oppoſer, if the Gorgon had its will.

When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.
Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd,
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to Love,
To which there's nothing more averſe than pride.
Men without ſpeaking often are denied:
And a diſdainful look too oft' reveals
Thoſe ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and ſmiles to ſmiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual paſſion ſoon will know
That all are darts, and ſhot from Cupid's bow.
But, when ſome lovely form does ſtrike your eyes,
Be cautious ſtill how you admit ſurprize.
What you would love, with quick diſcretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may ſubmit to a too haſty fate,
And would ſhake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
We often into our deſtruction ſink,
By not allowing time enough to think.
Reſiſt at firſt: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full ſtrength by long delay.
Be ſpeedy; leſt perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities finds increaſe,
Proceeds, and till the whole's deſtroy'd won't ceaſe.

It with allurements does, like rivers, riſe
From little ſprings, enlarg'd by vaſt ſupplies.
Had Mirrha kept this guard, ſhe had not ſtood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.
Becauſe that Love is pleaſing in its pain,
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Phyſick may tarry till to-morrow's ſun,
Whilſt the curs'd poiſons through the vitals run.
The tree not to be ſhook has pierc'd the ground;
And death muſt follow the neglected wound.

O'er different ages Love bears different ſway,
Takes various turns to make all ſorts obey.
The Colt unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace;
We feed the Runner deſtin'd for the race;
And 'tis with time and maſters we prepare
The manag'd Courſers ruſhing to the war.
Ambitious Youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
And not without impatience be denied.
If to his Love a Rival you afford,
You then preſent a trial for his ſword:
His eager warmth diſdains to be perplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and ſenſe,
And, as they ſeldom give, ſo ſeldom take offence:
For he that knows reſiſtance is in vain,
Knows likewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
Like wood that's lately cut in Paphian Grove,
Time makes him a fit ſacrifice for Love.
By ſlow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perſeverance makes the flame aſpire.

This Love's more ſure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves, whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
There are ſome tempers which you muſt oblige,
Not by a quick ſurrender, but a ſiege;
That moſt are pleas'd, when driven to deſpair
By what they're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unleſs their uſage has been hard,
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.
Thus ſome raiſe ſpleen from their abounding wealth,
And, clog'd with ſweets, from acids ſeek their health.
And many a boat does its deſtruction find
By having ſcanty ſails, too full of wind.

Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked ſword?
Yet 'tis my weakneſs to confeſs
What puts men often in diſtreſs:
But then it is ſuch Beaux* as be
Poſſeſt with ſo much vanity,
To think that whereſoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them muſt burn.
What they deſire they think is true,
With ſmall encouragement from you.
They will a ſingle look improve,
And take civilities for love.

* It is obvious that this word conveys at preſent a very different idea from its original ſignification; which was plainly that of *an accompliſhed gentleman*. N.

" We all expected you at play:
" Was't not a Miſtreſs made you ſtay?"
The Beau is fir'd, cries, " Now I find
" I out of pity muſt be kind:
" She ſigh'd, impatient till I came."
Thus, ſoaring to the lively flame,
We ſee the vain ambitious Fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.
Both ſexes have their jealouſy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a ſudden vent to grief,
Occaſion'd by ſome perſons lying,
To ſet an eaſy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy caſe.
There is a Mount, Hymettus ſtyl'd,
Where Pinks and Roſemary are wild,
Where Strawberries and Myrtles grow,
And Violets make a purple ſhow;
Where the ſweet Bays and Laurel ſhine,
All ſhaded by the lofty Pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who Hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,
And all his duſty labour done,
In the meridian of the ſun,
Into ſome ſecret hedge would creep,
And ſing, and hum himſelf aſleep.

But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for ſome cooler cry:
" O now, if ſome
" Cooler would come!
" Deareſt, rareſt,
" Lovelieſt, faireſt,
" Cooler, come!
" Oh, AIR,
" Freſh and rare;
" Deareſt, rareſt,
" Lovelieſt, faireſt,
" Cooler, come; Cooler, come; Cooler, come!"
A Woman, that had heard him ſing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For Females uſually don't want
A Fellow-goſſip that will cant;
Who ſtill is pleas'd with others ails,
And therefore carries ſpiteful tales.
She thought that ſhe might raiſe ſome ſtrife
By telling ſomething to his Wife:
That once upon a time ſhe ſtood
In ſuch a place, in ſuch a wood,
On ſuch a day, and ſuch a year,
There did, at leaſt there did appear
('Cauſe for the world ſhe would not lye,
As ſhe muſt tell her by the bye)
Her Huſband; firſt more loudly bauling,
And afterwards more ſoftly calling
A perſon not of the beſt fame,
And Miſtreſs Cooler was her name.

" Now, Goſſip, why ſhould ſhe come thither?
" But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs ſent forth ſudden flaſhes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as aſhes.
Then, " Woe the day that ſhe was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breaſt,
" And ſhe, oh, ſhe ſhould never reſt!
" She ſtrait would heigh her to the wood,
" And he'd repent it—that he ſhould."
With eager haſte away ſhe moves,
Never regarding ſcarf or gloves:
Into the grotto ſoon ſhe creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
" And now (ſhe cries) I plainly ſee
" How time and place, and all agree:
" But here 's a covert, where I 'll lie,
" And I ſhall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as laſt time,
Heated and ruffled with his paſtime,
Came to the very ſelf-ſame place
Where he was us'd to waſh his face;
And then he ſung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
When Criſſy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted Air,

Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no such one as Mistress Cooler;
Mistrusting then no future harms,
She would have rush'd into his arms;
But, as the leaves began to rustle,
He thought some beast had made the bustle.
He shot, then cried, " I've kill'd my Deer."—
" Ay, so you have," (says Cris) " I fear."—
" Why, Crissy, pray what made you here?"
" By Gossip Trot, I understood
" You kept a small Girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, " 'Tis pity thou should'st die
" For this thy foolish jealousy:
" For 'tis a passion that does move
" Too often from excess of love."
But, when they sought for wound full sore,
The petticoat was only tore,
And she had got a lusty thump,
Which in some measure bruis'd her rump.
Then home most lovingly they went:
Neither had reason to repent.
Their following years pass'd in content;
And Crissy made him the best wife
For the remainder of his life.

The Muse has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
Lest she, by being tedious, should be rude.
Unbrace Love's swans, let them unharness'd stray,
And eat Ambrosia through the milky way.

Give liberty to every Paphian Dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies rise
With monuments of their past victories;
With what discretion and what art they fought;
Let them record, "They were by Ovid taught."

AN

INCOMPARABLE ODE OF MALHERBE'S *,

WRITTEN BY HIM WHEN THE MARRIAGE WAS ON FOOT BETWEEN THE KING OF FRANCE † AND ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

Tranſlated by a great Admirer of the Eaſineſs of French Poetry.

Cette Anne ſi belle,	This Anna ſo fair,
Qu'on vante ſi fort,	So talk'd of by fame,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?	Why don't ſhe appear?
Vrayment, elle a tort!	Indeed, ſhe's to blame!
Son Loüis ſoûpire	Lewis ſighs for the ſake
Apres ſes appas:	Of her charms, as they ſay;
Que veut elle dire,	What excuſe can ſhe make
Que elle ne vient pas?	For not coming away?
Si il ne la poſſéde,	If he does not poſſeſs,
Il s'en va mourir;	He dies with deſpair;
Donnons y reméde,	Let's give him redreſs,
Allons la querir.	And go find out the Fair.

* The Tranſlator propoſed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactneſs; and he hopes he has been pretty juſt to Malherbe: only in the ſixth line he has made a ſmall addition of theſe three words, "as they ſay;" which he thinks is excuſable, if we conſider the French Poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's paſſion, as if the king himſelf had owned it to him. The Tranſlator thinks it more mannerly and reſpectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearſay. KING.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE FURMETARY;

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM*,

IN THREE CANTO'S.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1699.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applauſe of the town: but he wholly diſowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave Senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreſhed themſelves with Barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very ſolid influence on their counſels; it is therefore hoped that other perſons may uſe it with the like ſucceſs. No man can be ignorant, how of late years Coffee and Tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, Cold

* Written to pleaſe a Gentleman who thought nothing ſmooth or lofty could be written upon a mean ſubject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Diſpenſary," which has deſervedly gained a laſting reputation. KING.

Waters have obtained their commendation; and Wells are ſprung up from Acton to Iſlington, and croſs the water to Lambeth. Theſe liquors have ſeveral eminent champions of all profeſſions. But there have not been wanting perſons, in all ages, that have ſhewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as Water-gruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, and eſpecially Furmetry both with Plums and without. To this end, ſeveral worthy perſons have encouraged the eating ſuch wholeſome diet in the morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have deſired ſeveral Matrons to ſtand at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the City, eſpecially at Fleet-ditch; there to *diſpenſe* Furmetry to labouring people, and the poor, at reaſonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a diſh, which is not dear, the plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtyled Furmetaries, becauſe that food has got the general eſteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remarkable, and therefore I have ſtyled it, "The Fur-"metary;" and could eaſily have had a certificate of the uſefulneſs of this Furmetary, ſigned by ſeveral eminent Carmen, Gardeners, Journeymen-taylors, and Baſket-women, who have promiſed to contribute to the maintenance of the ſame, in caſe the Coffee-houſes ſhould proceed to oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject for an Heroic Poem; and endeavoured to be as ſmooth

in my verſe, and as inoffenſive in my characters, as was poſſible. It is my caſe with Lucretius, that I write upon a ſubject not treated of by the Ancients. But, "the greater labour, the greater "glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtand upon my own legs, without any ſupport from abroad. I therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the Reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the deſcription of other Furmetaries about this City, from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE AND.

CANTO I.

NO ſooner did the grey-ey'd Morning peep,
And yawning mortals ſtretch themſelves from ſleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly paſt,
And baſket-women did to Market haſte;
The Watchmen were but juſt returning home,
To give the thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
A ſtately pile was offer'd to the ſight;
Three ſpacious doors let paſſengers go through,
And diſtant ſtones did terminate their view:
Juſt here, as ancient Poets ſing, there ſtood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;

His image now appears in Portland ſtone,
Each ſide ſupported by a god-like ſon*:
But, underneath, all the three heroes ſhine,
In living colours, drawn upon a ſign,
Which ſhews the way to Ale, but not to Wine.

Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
Where many mortals curſe their cruel ſtars,
When brought by Uſurers into diſtreſs,
For having little ſtill muſt live on leſs:
Stern Avarice there keeps the relentleſs door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence Hunger riſes, diſmally he ſtalks,
And takes each ſingle priſoner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monſter ſtares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:
" Thou, Goddeſs Famine, that canſt ſend us blights,
" With parching heat by day, and ſtorm by nights,

* As Dr. King's deſcription of Ludgate, though familiar to the preſent age, will be leſs intelligible to the riſing generation, it may not be improper to obſerve, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has aſcribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its ſituation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it.—So early as 1373, Ludgate was conſtituted a priſon for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by Sir Stephen Forſter, who, after having been himſelf confined there, became lord mayor of London, and eſtabliſhed ſeveral benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above deſcribed by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the ſtatue of Queen Elizabeth on the Weſt front, and thoſe of the pretended King Lud and his two ſons on the Eaſt. This was pulled down in 1760, and the ſtatue of Elizabeth placed againſt the church of St. Dunſtan in the Weſt. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouſe in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet. N.

" Assist me now: so may all lands be thine,
" And shoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
" Long may thy reign continue on each shore,
" Where-ever Peace and Plenty reign'd before!
" I must confess, that to thy gracious hand
" I widows owe, that are at my command;
" I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;
" And bless thy power, to find they've no supplies.
" I thank thee for those Martyrs, who would flee
" From superstitious rites and tyranny,
" And find their fullness of reward in me.
" But 'tis with much humility I own,
" That generous favour you have lately shown,
" When men, that bravely have their country serv'd,
" Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd
" And are preferr'd to me, and shall be starv'd.
" I can, but with regret, I can despise
" Innumerable of the London cries,
" When Pease, and Mackarel, with their harsher sound,
" The tender organs of my ears confound;
" But that which makes my projects all miscarry,
" Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
" Not far from hence, just by the Bridge of Fleet,
" With Spoons and Porringers, and Napkin neat,
" A faithless Syren does entice the sense,
" By fumes of viands, which she does dispense
" To mortal stomachs, for rewarding pence;
" Whilst each man's earliest thoughts would banish me,
" Who have no other oracle but thee."

CANTO II.

WHILST ſuch-like prayers keen Hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakneſs threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful ſlave,
And kindly to him this aſſiſtance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd Maid,
Who many years had for a Huſband ſtaid;
And, coming near to Hunger, thus ſhe ſaid:
" My darling ſon, whilſt Peace and Plenty ſmile,
" And Happineſs would over-run this iſle,
" I joy to ſee, by this thy preſent care,
" I've ſtill ſome friends remaining ſince the war:
" In ſpite of us, A does on Veniſon feed,
" And Bread and Butter is for B decreed;
" C D combines with E F's generous ſoul,
" To paſs their minutes with the ſparkling bowl;
" H I's good-nature, from his endleſs ſtore,
" Is ſtill conferring bleſſings on the poor,
" For none, except 'tis K, regards them more.
" L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,
" And ſquanders half his ſubſtance in a treat.
" Nice eating by R, S, is underſtood;
" T's ſupper, though but little, yet is good;
" U's converſation's equal to his wine,
" You ſup with W, whene'er you dine:

" X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
" Ramble to the next Eating-house they find;
" Pleasant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
" Sometimes with musick, and sometimes with play,
" Prolong their pleasures till th'approaching day.
" And per se And alone, as Poets use,
" The starving dictates of my rules pursues;
" No swinging coachman does afore him shine,
" Nor has he any constant place to dine,
" But all his notions of a meal are mine.
" Haste, haste, to him, a blessing give from me,
" And bid him write sharp things on Furmetry.
" But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
" And let Tobacco too thy business know;
" With famous Teedrums in this case advise,
" Rely on Sagoe, who is always wise.
" Amidst such counsel, banish all despair;
" Trust me, you shall succeed in this affair:
" That project which they Furmetary call,
" Before next Breakfast-time shall surely fall!"
This said, she quickly vanish'd in a wind
Had long within her body been confin'd.
Thus Hercules, when he his mistress found,
Soon knew her by her scent, and by her sound.

CANTO III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the bleſt command,
That FURMETARY ſhould no longer ſtand;
With ſpeed he to Coffedro's manſion flies,
And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly riſe.
" Ariſe, my friend; for upon thee do wait
" Diſmal events and prodigies of Fate!
" 'Tis break of day, thy ſooty broth prepare,
" And all thy other liquors for a war:
" Rouſe up Tobacco, whoſe delicious ſight,
" Illuminated round with beams of light,
" To my impatient mind will cauſe delight.
" How will he conquer noſtrils that preſume
" To ſtand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
" Let handſome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
" For he has courage in the midſt of charms:
" Sagoe with counſel fills his wakeful brains,
" But then his wiſdom countervails his pains;
" 'Tis he ſhall be your guide, he ſhall effect
" That glorious conqueſt which we all expect:
" The brave Hectorvus ſhall command this force;
" He 'll meet Tubcarrio's Foot, or, which is worſe,
" Oppoſe the fury of Carmanniel's Horſe.
" For his reward, this he ſhall have each day,
" *Drink Coffee, then ſtrut out, and never pay.*"
It was not long ere the Grandees were met,
And round *news-papers* in full order ſet.

Then Sagoe, rising, said, " I hope you hear
" Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
" Our great design admits of no delay,
" Famine commands, and we must all obey:
" That Syren which does FURMETARY keep
" Long since is risen from the bands of sleep;
" Her Spoons and Porringers, with art display'd,
" Many of Hunger's subjects have betray'd."
" To arms," Hectorvus cried: " Coffedro stout,
" Issue forth liquor from thy scalding spout!"
Great One-and-all-i gives the first alarms;
Then each man snatches up offensive arms.
To Ditch of Fleet courageously they run,
Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
Hectorvus first Tubcarrio does attack,
And by surprize soon lays him on his back;
Thirsto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
Soon overthrow two magazines of Beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all these arms against herself were brought;
Nor that in her defence the drink was spilt:
How could she fear, that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plums,
She does *dispense* (with gold upon her thumbs):
Virgins and Youths around her stood; she sate,
Environ'd with a Wooden-chair of state.
In the mean time, Tobacco strives to vex
A numerous squadron of the tender sex;
What with strong smoak, and with his stronger breath,
He sunks Basketia and her son to death.

Coffedro then, with Teedrums and the band
Who carried ſcalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery ammunition in their eyes;
On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
Carmannio ſtraight drives up a bulwark ſtrong,
And horſe oppoſes to Coffedro's throng.
Coledrivio ſtands for bright Syrena's guard,
And all her rallied Forces are prepar'd;
Carmannio then to Teedrums' ſquadron makes,
And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
Not Teedrums' arts Carmannio could beſeech,
But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
Syrena, though ſurpriz'd, reſolv'd to be
The great Bonduca of her FURMETRY:
Before her throne courageouſly ſhe ſtands,
Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
The numerous Plums like hail-ſhot flew about,
And Plenty ſoon diſpers'd the *meagre* rout.

So have I ſeen, at Fair that's nam'd from Horn,
Many a Ladle's blow by Prentice borne;
In vain he ſtrives their paſſions to aſſuage,
With threats would frighten, with ſoft words engage;
Until, through Milky gauntlet ſoundly beat,
His prudent heels ſecure a quick retreat.

" Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
" Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas!"

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN*.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN†! thou ſweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy Apples and thy Pears;
For Turnips, Carrots, Lettuce, Beans, and Peaſe;
For Peggy's Butter, and for Peggy's Cheeſe.
May clouds of Pigeons round about thee fly!
But condeſcend ſometimes to make a Pye.
May fat Geeſe gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want Gooſeberries or Apple-ſauce!
Ducks in thy Ponds, and Chicken in thy Pens,
And be thy Turkeys numerous as thy Hens!
May thy black Pigs lie warm in little ſtye,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the Muſes' moſt delicious theme;
Oh! may thy Codlins ever ſwim in Cream!
Thy Raſp- and Straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!
Thy White-wine, Sugar, Milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand Syllabub.

* It was taken for a State Poem, and to have many myſteries in it; though it was only made, as well as "Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diverſion. KING.

† A pleaſant villa to the South of Dublin, near the ſea.

Thy Tarts to Tarts, Cheese-cakes to Cheese-cakes join,
To spoil the relish of the flowing Wine.
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Westphalian Ham, or Belgic Beef;
And, to complete thy blessings, in a word,
May still thy soil be generous as its Lord *!

II.

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goest to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think
That what you're going now to make is *drink*;
Consider who must drink that drink; and then,
What 'tis to have the praise of *honest* men:
For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
'Tis Peggy will be *toasted* or *disgrac'd*.
Then, if thy Ale in *glass* thou would'st confine,
To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,
Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
Lest a white substance to the surface fly,
And, floating there, disturb the curious eye.
But this great maxim must be understood,
" Be sure, nay very sure, thy *cork* be good!"
Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
That Nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* Ale so well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath,
Which in a moment they resign to death;

* Judge Upton.

Depriv'd of light, and all their happieſt ſtate,
Not by their fault, but ſome o'er-ruling Fate!
Although fair flowers, that juſtly might invite,
Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight;
Yet ſtill thoſe flowers, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narciſſus now a power to groan!
But all thoſe things which breathe in different frame,
By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
A gentle Lamb has rhetorick to plead,
And, when ſhe ſees the Butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice intreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain, and luxury of taſte,
With pride, ſtill lays man's *fellow-mortals* waſte:
What earth and waters breed, or air inſpires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

MULLY, a Cow, ſprung from a beauteous race,
With ſpreading front, did Mountown's paſtures grace.
Gentle ſhe was, and, with a gentle ſtream,
Each morn and night gave Milk that equal'd Cream.
Offending none, of none ſhe ſtood in dread,
Much leſs of perſons which ſhe daily *fed:*
" But Innocence cannot itſelf defend
" 'Gainſt treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of
" Friend."

ROBIN of Derby-ſhire, whoſe temper ſhocks
The conſtitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place *, which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a bluſhing modeſty aſham'd:

* The Devil's Arſe of Peak; deſcribed by Hobbes in a Poem " De Mirabilibus Pecci," the beſt of his poetical performances. N.

He with indulgence kindly did *appear*
To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
But inwardly this ſullen churliſh thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's Beef;
His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry,
" Mully, as ſure as I'm alive, you die!
" 'Tis a brave Cow. O, Sirs, when Chriſtmas comes,
" Theſe Shins ſhall make the Porridge grac'd with
" Plums;
" Then, 'midſt our cups, whilſt we profuſely *dine*,
" This blade ſhall enter deep in Mully's Chine.
" What Ribs, what Rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, ſtew'd,
" and roaſt!
" There ſhan't one ſingle Tripe of her be loſt!"
When Peggy, Nymph of Mountown, heard theſe
ſounds,
She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
" What crime," ſaid ſhe, " has gentle Mully done?
" Witneſs the riſing and the ſetting Sun,
" That knows what Milk ſhe conſtantly would give!
" Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."
Daniel, a ſprightly Swain, that us'd to ſlaſh
The vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's calaſh,
To Peggy's ſide inclin'd; for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd thoſe Cattle of his own.
Then Terence ſpoke, oraculous and ſly,
He'd neither grant the queſtion nor deny;
Pleading for Milk, his thoughts were on Mince-pye:
But all his arguments ſo dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.

" You've ſpoke," ſays Robin; " but now, let me
" tell ye,
" 'Tis not fair ſpoken *words* that fill the *belly:*
" Pudding and Beef I love; and cannot ſtoop
" To recommend your bonny-clapper Soup.
" You ſay ſhe's innocent: but what of that?
" 'Tis more than crime ſufficient that ſhe's *fat!*
" And that which is prevailing in this caſe
" Is, there's another Cow to fill her place.
" And, granting Mully to have Milk in ſtore,
" Yet ſtill this other Cow will give us more.
" She dies."—Stop here, my Muſe: forbear the reſt:
And veil that grief which cannot be expreſt!

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

AS Poets ſay, one Orpheus went
To Hell upon an odd intent.
Firſt tell the ſtory, then let's know,
If any one will do ſo now.
This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the Siege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was ſharp,
And taught him on the Iriſh Harp;
And, when grown fit for marriage-life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife;
And they, as ſoon as match was made,
Set up the Ballad-ſinging trade.
The cunning varlet could deviſe,
For country folks, ten thouſand lyes;
Affirming all thoſe monſtrous things
Were done by force of *harp* and *ſtrings*;
Could make a Tiger in a trice
Tame as a Cat, and catch your Mice;
Could make a Lion's courage flag,
And ſtraight could animate a Stag,
And, by the help of pleaſing ditties,
Make Mill-ſtones run, and build up Cities;
Each had the uſe of fluent tongue,
If Dicé ſcolded, Orpheus ſung.

And ſo, by diſcord without ſtrife,
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus, as all their matters ſtood,
They got an honeſt livelihood.
Happy were mortals, could they be
From any ſudden danger free!
Happy were Poets, could their ſong
The feeble thread of life prolong!
But, as theſe two went ſtrolling on,
Poor Dicé's ſcene of life was done:
Away her fleeting breath muſt fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.
This caus'd the general lamentation,
To all that knew her in her ſtation;
How briſk ſhe was ſtill to advance
The Harper's gain, and lead the dance,
In every tune obſerve her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money ſtill.
Orpheus beſt knew what loſs he had,
And, thinking on't, fell almoſt mad,
And in deſpair to Linus ran,
Who was eſteem'd a Cunning-man;
Cried, "He again muſt Dicé have,
"Or elſe be buried in her grave."
Quoth Linus, "Soft, refrain your ſorrow:
"What fails to-day, may ſpeed to-morrow.
"Thank you the Gods for whate'er happens,
"But don't fall out with your fat capons.
"'Tis many an honeſt man's petition,
"That he may be in your condition.

" If such a blessing might be had,
" To change a living wife for dead,
" I'd be your chapman; nay, I'd do't,
" Though I gave forty pounds to boot.
" Consider first, you save her diet;
" Consider next, you keep her quiet:
" For, pray, what was she all along,
" Except the burthen of your song?
" What, though your Dicé's under ground;
" Yet many a woman may be found,
" Who, in your gains if she may part take,
" Trust me, will quickly make your heart ach:
" Then rest content, as widowers should —
" The Gods best know what's for our good!"
Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure.
" Is't possible!" cried he: " and can
" That noble creature, married man,
" In such a cause be so profane?
" I'll fly thee far as I would Death,
" Who from my Dicé took her breath."
Which said, he soon outstript the wind,
Whilst puffing Boreas lagg'd behind;
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame,
Whose hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her Witch;
Down at her feet he prostrate lies,
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.

" Tell me," ſaid he, " for ſure you know
" The Powers above, and thoſe below,
" Where does Eurydice remain ?
" How ſhall I fetch her back again ?"
She ſmilingly replied, " I'll tell
" This eaſily without a ſpell:
" The wife you look for's gone to Hell—
" Nay, never ſtart, man, for 'tis ſo;
" Except one ill-bred wife or two,
" The faſhion is, for all to go.
" Not that ſhe will be damn'd; ne'er fear
" But ſhe may get preferment there.
" Indeed, ſhe might be fried in pitch,
" If ſhe had been a bitter bitch;
" If ſhe had leapt athwart a ſword,
" And afterwards had broke her word.
" But your Eurydice, poor ſoul!
" Was a good-natur'd harmleſs fool;
" Except a little cattervawling,
" Was always painful in her calling;
" And, I dare truſt old Pluto for't,
" She will find favour in his Court:
" But then to fetch her back, that ſtill
" Remains, and may be paſt my ſkill;
" For, 'tis too ſad a thing to jeſt on,
" You're the firſt man e'er aſk'd the queſtion;
" For huſbands are ſuch ſelfiſh elves,
" They care for little but themſelves.
" And then one rogue cries to another,
" Since this wife's gone, e'en get another:

" Though moſt men let ſuch thoughts alone,
" And ſwear they've had enough of *one*.
" But, ſince you are ſo kind to Dicé,
" Follow the courſe which I adviſe ye;
" E'en go to Hell yourſelf, and try
" Th'effect of Muſick's harmony;
" For you will hardly find a friend,
" Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend:
" Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
" The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
" Before old Pluto raviſh'd her,
" Took her to Hell—and you may ſwear,
" She had but little Muſick there;
" For, ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun,
" Her merry dancing days are done:
" She has a colt's-tooth ſtill, I warrant,
" And will not diſapprove your errand.
" Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
" For what 's one ſingle ghoſt to them?
" Though thouſand *phantoms* ſhould invade ye,
" Paſs on—Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady!
" The bold a way will find, or make;
" Remember, 'tis for Dicé's ſake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well,
As news that he muſt go to Hell.
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folks ſeek their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
Never conſider'd he ſhould find

Scarce any paſſenger beſide
Himſelf, nor could he hire a guide.
" Will Muſick do't?" cried he. " Ne'er heed:
" My harp ſhall make the marble bleed;
" My harp all dangers ſhall remove,
" And dare all flames, but thoſe of Love."
Then kneeling begs, in terms moſt civil,
Urganda's paſſport to the Devil.
Her paſs ſhe kindly to him gave,
Then bade him 'noint himſelf with ſalve;
Such as thoſe hardy people uſe,
Who walk on fire without their ſhoes,
Who, on occaſion, in a dark hole,
Can gormandize on lighted Charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming Fuel,
As men in flux do Water-gruel.
She bade him then go to thoſe caves,
Where Conjurers keep Fairy ſlaves,
Such ſort of creatures as will baſte ye
A Kitchen-wench, for being naſty,
But, if ſhe neatly ſcour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t'her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length ſome glimmering ſpy,
By which, at leaſt, he might deſcry
Ten thouſand little Fairy elves,
Who there were ſolacing themſelves.
All ran about him, cried, " Oh, dear!
" Who thought to have ſeen Orpheus here?

" 'Tis that Queen's birth-day which you see,
" And you are come as luckily:
" You had no Ballad but we bought it,
" Paid Dicé when she little thought it;
" When you beneath the yew-tree sat,
" We 've come, and all danc'd round your Hat;
" But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
" She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
" These little chits would make one swear,"
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt disdain and fear.
" And dare these Urchins jeer my crosses,
" And laugh at mine and Dicé's losses?
" Hands off — the monkeys hold the faster;
" Sirrahs, I 'm going to your Master!"
" Good words," quoth Oberon: " don't flinch;
" For, every time you stir, I 'll pinch;
" But, if you decently sit down,
" I 'll first equip you with a crown;
" Then for each dance, and for each song,
" Our pence apiece the whole night long."
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of necessity;
Though all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his fingers fell
Seem'd to be Dicé's passing-bell;
At last, night let him ease his crupper,
Get on his legs, to go to supper.
Quoth Nab, " We here have strangers seldom,
" But, Sir, to what we have you 're welcome."

" Madam, they ſeem of light digeſtion.
" Is it not rude to aſk a queſtion,
" What they may be, fiſh, fleſh, or fruit?
" For I ne'er ſaw things ſo minute."

" SIR,

" A roaſted ant, that's nicely done,
" By one ſmall atom of the ſun.
" Theſe are flies' eggs, in moon-ſhine poach'd;
" This a flea's thigh in collops ſcotch'd,
" 'Twas hunted yeſterday i'th' Park,
" And like t'have 'ſcap'd us in the dark.
" This is a diſh entirely new,
" Butterflies' brains diſſolv'd in dew;
" Theſe lovers' vows, theſe courtiers' hopes,
" Things to be eat by microſcopes;
" Theſe ſucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
" This a delicious rainbow-tart!"
" Madam, I find, they're very nice,
" And will digeſt within a trice;
" I ſee there's nothing you eſteem,
" That's half ſo groſs as our whipt-cream;
" And I infer, from all theſe meats,
" That ſuch light ſuppers keep clean ſheets."
" But, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " perhaps you're dry!"
Then, ſpeaking to a Fairy by,
" You've taken care, my dear Endia,
" All's ready for my Ratifia."

" S I R,
" A drop of water, newly torn
" Freſh from the roſy-finger'd Morn;
" A pearl of milk, that's gently preſt
" From blooming Hebe's early breaſt;
" With half a one of Cupid's tears,
" When he in embryo firſt appears;
" And honey from an infant bee:
" Makes liquor for the Gods and Me!"
" Madam," ſays he, " an't pleaſe your Grace,
" I'm going to a droughty place;
" And, if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
" The draught I have be ſomewhat larger."
" Fetch me," ſaid ſhe, " a mighty bowl,
" Like Oberon's capacious ſoul,
" And then fill up the burniſh'd gold
" With juice that makes the Britons bold.
" This from ſeven barley-corns I drew,
" Its years are ſeven, and to the view
" 'Tis clear, and ſparkles fit for you.
" But ſtay—
" When I by Fate was laſt time hurl'd,
" To act my pranks in t'other world,
" I ſaw ſome ſparks as they were drinking,
" With mighty mirth and little thinking,
" Their jeſts were *ſupernaculum*,
" I ſnatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
" And in this cryſtal have them here,
" Perhaps you'll like it more than Beer."

Wine and late hours diſſolv'd the feaſt,
And Men and Fairies went to reſt.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all ſtuff'd full of Harmony:
Purling ſtreams and amorous rills,
Dying ſound that never kills,
Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,
Joy to ſlumber ſoft inviting,
Trembling ſounds that make no noiſe,
And ſongs to pleaſe without a voice,
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a Swan for love.
'Twas night, and Nature's ſelf lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather-bed;
The mountains ſeem'd to bend their tops,
And ſhutters clos'd the milleners' ſhops,
Excluding both the punks and fops;
No ruffled ſtreams to mill do come,
The ſilent fiſh were ſtill more dumb;
Look in the chimney, not a ſpark there,
And darkneſs did itſelf grow darker.
But Orpheus could not ſleep a wink,
He had too many things to think:
But, in the dark, his harp he ſtrung,
And to the liſtening Fairies ſung.
Prince Prim, who pitied ſo much youth
Join'd with ſuch conſtancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to underſtand;
" Sir, I laſt night receiv'd command
" To ſee you out of Fairy Land,

" Into the Realm of Nofnotbocai;
" But let not fear of fulphur choak ye;
" For he 's a Fiend of fenfe and wit,
" And has got many rooms to lett."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpfe,
Out walk the Fidler and the Prince.
They foon arrive; find Bocai brewing
Of Claret for a Vintner's ftewing.
" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.
" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai: " what from him?"
" Why, fomething ftrange; this honeft man
" Had his wife died; now, if he can,
" He fays, he 'd have her back again."
Then Bocai, fmiling, cried, " You fee,
" Orpheus, you 'd better ftay with me.
" For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
" Although it has an ugly face,
" If to its value it were fold,
" Is worth ten thoufand ton of gold;
" And very famous in all ftory,
" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
" For, when fome ages fhall have run,
" And Truth by Falfehood be undone
" Shall rife the Whore of Babylon;
" And this fame Whore fhall be a Man,
" Who, by his lies and cheating, can
" Be fuch a trader in all evil,
" As to outdo our friend the Devil:
" He and his pimps fhall fay, that when
" A man is dying, thither then

" The Devil comes to take the ſoul,
" And carry him down to this hole;
" But, if a man have ſtore of wealth,
" To get ſome prayers for his ſoul's health,
" The Devil has then no more to do,
" But muſt be forc'd to let him go.
" But we are no more fools than they,
" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
" By theſe ſame pious Frauds and Lyes,
" Shall many Monaſteries riſe:
" Friars ſhall get good meat and beer,
" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
" Pans, pots, and kettles, ſhall be given,
" To fetch a man from hence to Heaven.
" Suppoſe a man has taken purſes,
" Or ſtolen ſheep, or cows, or horſes,
" And chances to be hang'd; you'd cry,
" Let him be hang'd, and ſo good-by.
" Hold, ſays the Friar; let me alone,
" He's but to Purgatory gone;
" And, if you'll let our Convent keep
" Thoſe purſes, cows, horſes, and ſheep,
" The fellow ſhall find no more pain,
" Than if he were alive again."
Here Orpheus ſigh'd, began to take on,
Cried, " Could I find the Whore you ſpake on,
" I'd give him my beſt ſlitch of bacon:
" I'd give him cake and ſugar'd ſack,
" If he would bring my Dicé back:

" Rather than ſhe ſhould longer ſtay,
" I'd find ſome luſty man to *pray*.
" And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
" I dare ſay, would requite the Friar."
Great Noſnotbocai ſmil'd to ſee
Such goodneſs and ſimplicity.
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of Hell;
A filthy place, that's ſeldom ſwept,
Where ſeeds of villainy are kept.
" Orpheus," ſaid he, " I'd have you take
" Some of theſe ſeeds here, for my ſake;
" Which, if they are diſcreetly hurl'd
" Throughout the parts of t'other world,
" They may oblige the Fiend you ſue to,
" And fill the palace of old Pluto.
" Sow *pride-ſeed* uppermoſt; then above
" *Envy* and *ſcandal* plant *ſelf-love*.
" Here take *revenge*, and *malice without cauſe*,
" And here *contempt of honeſty and laws*;
" This hot ſeed's *anger*, and this hotter *luſt*,
" Beſt ſown with *breach of friendſhip*, and *of truſt*:
" Theſe *ſtorm*, *hail*, *plague*, and *tempeſt* ſeeds;
" And this a quinteſſence of weeds;
" This the worſt ſort of artichoke,
" A plant that Pluto has himſelf beſpoke,
" Nouriſh it well, 'tis uſeful *treachery*;
" This is a choice though little ſeed, a *lye*:
" Here take ſome now from theſe prodigious loads,
" Of tender things that look like Toads:

" In future times, theſe, finely dreſt,
" Shall each invade a Prince's breaſt;
" 'Tis *flattery* ſeed; though thinly ſown,
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep, and fully blown;
" Now ſee theſe things like bubbles fly;
" Theſe are the ſeeds of *vanity*.
" Take *tyrant acorns*, which will beſt advance,
" If ſown in Eaſtern climates, or in France;
" But theſe are things of moſt prodigious hopes,
" They 're *Jeſuit bulbs* tied up with ropes;
" And theſe the Devil's grafts for future popes.
" Which with Fanaticiſm are join'd ſo clean,
" You 'd ſcarce believe a knife had paſs'd between.
" *Falſe-witneſs* ſeed had almoſt been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making, ſhould there be a plot.
" And now, dear Orpheus, ſcatter theſe but well;
" And you 'll deſerve the gratitude of Hell."
Quoth Orpheus, " You ſhall be obey'd
" In every thing that you have ſaid,
" For miſchief is the Poet's trade:
" And whatſoever they ſhall bring,
" You may aſſure yourſelf, I 'll ſing.
" But pray what Poets ſhall we have,
" At my returning from the grave?"
" Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai,—" let me ſee—
" But, ſince what I ſay cannot ſhame them,
" I 'll e'en reſolve to never name them."
" But now," ſays Bocai, " Sir, you may
" Long to be going on your way,

" Unleſs you 'll drink ſome Arſenick Claret:
" 'Tis burnt, you ſee: but Sam can ſpare it."
Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither
" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither;
" But Love, and I an inſtance can be,
" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command
" A tune from a departing hand;
" The ſtyle and paſſion both are good,
" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood.*"
He ſang; and pains themſelves found eaſe;
For griefs, when well expreſs'd, can pleaſe.
When he deſcrib'd the children's loſs,
And how the Robins cover'd them with moſs;
To hear the pity of thoſe birds,
Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words.
&c.

RUFINUS;

OR,

THE FAVOURITE*.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

OFT, as I wondering ſtand, a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon, and diſturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by Chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the ſame;
How ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
The rolling ſurges of the briny main;
How conſtant Time revolves the circling year;
How Day and Night alternately appear;
Then am I well convinc'd ſome ſecret ſoul,
Some Firſt Informing Power directs the whole;
Some Great Intelligence, who turns the Spheres,
Who rules the ſteady motion of the Stars,
Who decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon,
And fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,

* The Eſſay, to which this Poem was originally annexed, was written in 1711, as a harſh ſatire on the Duke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. ii. p. 280. N.

Who hangs the Earth amidſt ſurrounding ſkies,
And bids her various Fruits in various Seaſons riſe.
But, ſoon as I reflect on human ſtate,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate;
How *ill men*, crown'd with bleſſings, ſmoothly paſs
A golden circle of delightful days;
How *good men* bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endleſs cares, to endleſs ſtrife;
Then am I loſt again; Religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder *ſcheme* prevails,
Which through the void makes wandering *atoms* dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance,
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the diſtant ſkies.
At length RUFINUS' fate my doubt removes,
And God's *exiſtence* and his *juſtice* proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The Wicked flouriſh, and triumphant reign;
Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To ruſh with greater ruin headlong down.
But here inſtruct thy Bard, Pierian Dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breaſt with rage and envy glows,
To ſee the world poſſeſs'd of ſweet repoſe.
Down to the dreary realms below ſhe bends,
There ſummons a *cabal* of Siſter Fiends;
Thither unnumber'd Plagues direct their flight,
The curſed progeny of Hell and Night.
Firſt, Diſcord rears her head, the nurſe of War;
Next, Famine fiercely ſtalks with haughty air;

Then Age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her
breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Diſeaſe, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy ſnarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſkulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of braſs;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt Want, attending in a *cloud*, repines.
A train of ſleepleſs ſelf-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears;
Who, as around her wither'd *neck* they cling,
Confeſs the parent *hag* from whence they ſpring.
Here ills of each malignant kind reſort,
A thouſand monſters guard the dreadful court.
Amidſt th' *infernal crowd*, Alecto ſtands,
And a deep ſilence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like theſe, expreſs'd
A paſſion long had ſwell'd within her breaſt:
" Shall we ſupine permit theſe *peaceful days*,
" So ſmooth, ſo gay, ſo undiſturb'd, to paſs?
" Shall Pity melt, ſhall Clemency control,
" A Fury's fierce and unrelenting *ſoul?*
" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail;
" What all the horrid implements of Hell;
" Since mighty Jove debars us of his *ſkies*,
" Since Theodoſius too his *earth* denies?
" Such were the days, and ſo their tenor ran,
" When the firſt happy Golden Age began:

" Virtue and Concord, with their heavenly train,
" With Piety and Faith, ſecurely reign;
" Nay, Juſtice, in imperial pomp array'd,
" Boldly explores this everlaſting ſhade;
" Me ſhe, inſulting, menaces and awes;
" Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
" And ſhall we then, neglected and forlorn,
" From every region baniſh'd, idly mourn?
" Aſſert yourſelves; know what, and whence, you are:
" Attempt ſome glorious miſchief worth your care;
" Involve the Univerſe in endleſs war.
" Oh! that I could in Stygian vapour riſe,
" Darken the *ſun*, pollute the balmy *ſkies*;
" Let looſe the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
" Break down the *barriers* of the roaring main,
" And ſhatter Nature into Chaos once again!"

So rag'd the Fiend, and toſs'd her *vipers* round,
Which hiſſing pour'd their poiſon on the ground.
A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
Different reſolves from different reaſons ſprung.
So when the fury of the ſtorm is paſt,
When the rough winds in ſofter murmurs waſte;
So ſounds, ſo fluctuates, the troubled ſea,
As the expiring *tempeſt* plows its way.

Megæra, riſing then, addreſs'd the throng,
To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong:
Whoſe food is entrails of the guiltleſs dead,
Whoſe drink is children's blood by parents ſhed.
She ſcorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
She broke the bow, the ſavage world did tame;

She nerv'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
She prompted Agamemnon's monstrous Wife
To take her injur'd Lord's devoted life:
She breath'd revenge and rage into the Son,
So did the Mother's blood the Sire's atone:
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him incestuous to a Mother's arms:
She stung Thyestes, and his fury fed;
She taught him to pollute a Daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful speech:
" Your *schemes* not practical nor lawful are,
" With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war:
" But, if the peace of Man you would invade,
" If o'er the ravag'd Earth *destruction* spread;
" Then shall RUFINUS, fram'd for every *ill*,
" With your own vengeance execute your will;
" A prodigy from savage parents sprung,
" Impetuous as a Tigress new with young;
" Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
" And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.
" Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
" I first receiv'd him to my nursing care;
" And often he, when tender yet and young,
" Cried for the teat, and on my bosom hung:
" Whilst my *horn'd serpents* round his *visage* play'd,
" His features form'd, and there their *venom* shed;
" Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart
" *Deceit* and *craft*, and every hurtful art;

" Taught him t' involve his foul in fecret clouds,
" With falfe diffembling fmiles to veil his frauds.
" Not dying patriots' tortures can aſſuage
" His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can ſuffice
" His boundleſs and unſated *avarice:*
" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' ſtreams,
" Nor Hermus glittering as the ſolar beams.
" If you the ſtratagem propos'd approve,
" Let us to Court this *bane* of *crowns* remove.
" There ſhall he ſoon, with his intriguing art,
" Guide uncontrol'd the willing Prince's *heart.*
" Not Numa's wiſdom ſhall that *heart* defend,
" When the falſe *Favourite* acts the faithful *Friend.*"
Soon as ſhe ended, the ſurrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black deſign applaud.
Now with an *adamant* her hair ſhe bound,
With a blue *ſerpent* girt her veſt around;
Then haſtes to Phlegethon's impetuous ſtream,
Whoſe pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame;
There lights a torch, and ſtraight, with wings diſplay'd,
Shoots ſwiftly through the *dun* Tartarian glade.
A place on Gallia's utmoſt verge there lies,
Extended to the ſea and Southern ſkies;
Where once Ulyſſes, as old Fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell;
Where oft', with ſtaring eyes, the trembling *hind*
Sees airy *phantoms* ſkim before the wind:
Hence ſprings the Fury into upper ſkies,
Infecting all the region as ſhe flies:

She roars, and ſhakes the atmoſphere around,
And Earth and Sea rebellow to the ſound.
Then ſtraight transform'd her ſnakes to ſilver hairs,
And like an old decrepid *ſage* appears;
Slowly ſhe creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs ſuſtain her weight.
At length, arriving at RUFINUS' cell,
Which, from his monſtrous birth, ſhe knew ſo well,
She mildly thus Hell's *darling hope* addreſs'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breaſt:
" Can Sloth diſſolve RUFINUS; canſt thou paſs
" Thy ſprightly youth in ſoft inglorious eaſe?
" Know, that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
" Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
" If thou an *old* man's counſel canſt obey,
" The ſubject world ſhall own thy ſovereign ſway:
" For my enlighten'd ſoul, my conſcious breaſt,
" Of Magic's *ſecret ſcience* is poſſeſs'd.
" Oft' have I forc'd, with *myſtic midnight* ſpells,
" Pale *ſpectres* from their ſubterranean cells:
" Old Hecaté attends my powerful ſong,
" Powerful to haſten fate, or to prolong;
" Powerful the rooted ſtubborn oak to move,
" To ſtop the thunder burſting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's deſcending ſtream
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
" Nor doubt my truth—behold, with juſt ſurprize,
" An effort of my art—a *palace riſe*."
She ſaid; and, lo! a *palace* towering ſeems,
With Parian pillars and metallic beams.

RUFINUS, raviſh'd with the vaſt delight,
Gorges his *avarice*, and gluts his ſight.
Such was his tranſport, ſuch his ſudden pride,
When Midas firſt his *golden wiſh* enjoy'd:
But, as his ſtiffening food to metal turn'd,
He found his raſhneſs, and his ruin mourn'd.
" Be thou or Man or God," Rufinus ſaid,
" I follow whereſoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his *hut* he flies, aſſumes the ſtate
Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition ſoon began to lift her head,
Soaring, ſhe mounts with reſtleſs pinions ſpread;
But Juſtice, conſcious, ſhuns the poiſon'd air,
Where only *proſtituted tools* repair;
Where STILICO and Virtue not avail;
Where *royal favours* ſtand expos'd to ſale;
Where now RUFINUS, ſcandalouſly great,
Loads labouring nations with oppreſſive weight;
Keeps the obſequious world depending ſtill
On the proud dictates of his lawleſs will;
Advances thoſe, whoſe fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to *reſiſt*, and to *rebel*;
But thoſe *impeaches*, who their Prince commend,
Who, dauntleſs, dare his *ſacred rights* defend;
Expounds ſmall *riots* into *higheſt crimes*,
Brands *loyalty* as *treaſon* to the *times*.
An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
Enſlaves the *ſubjects*, and inſults the *Throne*.
A thouſand diſemboguing *rivers* pay
Their everlaſting homage to the *ſea*;

The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour conſtant down their tributary ſtreams:
But yet the *ſea* confeſſes no increaſe,
For all is ſwallow'd in the deep abyſs.
In craving, ſtill RUFINUS' ſoul remains,
Though fed with ſhowers of gold, and floods of gains;
For he deſpoils and ravages the land,
No ſtate is free from his rapacious hand;
Treaſures immenſe he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected ſtore:
Unmeaſur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.
Oh! whither would'ſt thou rove, *miſtaken man?*
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquiſitions vain:
For now, ſuppoſe thy *avarice* poſſeſs'd
Of all the ſplendour of the glittering Eaſt,
Of CROESUS' maſs of wealth, of CYRUS' crown,
Suppoſe the ocean's treaſure all thy own;
Still would thy ſoul repine, ſtill aſk for more,
Unbleſt with plenty, with abundance poor.
FABRICIUS, in himſelf, in virtue great,
Diſdain'd a monarch's bribe, deſpis'd his ſtate.
SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Conſul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious ſhare.
The fam'd, the warlike, CURII deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.
Such a retreat to me 's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my ſolitary native home,
Take thou thy riſing tower, thy lofty *dome*;

Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
Abſtracts and raviſhes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every ſpacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loom*;
Yet here I view a more delightful ſcene,
Where Nature's freſheſt bloom and beauties *reign*;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuſes an eternal ſpring:
Though there thy lewd laſcivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed*;
Yet here, extended on the flowery graſs,
More free from care, my guiltleſs hours I paſs:
Though there thy *ſycophants*, a ſervile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and reſound thy praiſe;
Yet here a murmuring ſtream, or warbling bird,
To me does ſweeter harmony afford.

NATURE on all the power of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows.
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt,
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt:
A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reaſon's ſcale,
Nor Luxury nor Want would thus prevail;
Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled *armies* ſtrew the plain.

But, oh! RUFINUS is to reaſon blind!
A ſtrange hydropic thirſt inflames his mind.
No *bribes* his growing appetite can ſate;
For new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
No ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains,
Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.

When with ſtrict *oaths* his proffer'd faith he binds,
Falſe are his vows, and treacherous his deſigns.
Now, ſhould a Patriot riſe, his power oppoſe,
Should he aſſert a ſinking *nation*'s cauſe,
He ſtirs a vengeance nothing can control,
Such is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
Fell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain,
When tortur'd with the javelin's pointed pain;
Or a ſpurn'd ſerpent, as ſhe ſhoots along,
With lightning in her eyes, and poiſon in her tongue.
Nor will thoſe families eraz'd ſuffice;
But provinces and cities he deſtroys:
Urg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate,
He labours the confuſion of the *ſtate*;
Subverts the nation's old-eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to ſave
A man, purſu'd by *faction*, from the *grave*;
Then he invents new puniſhments, *new pains*,
Condemns to *ſilence*, and from *truth* reſtrains*;
Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,
Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.
O dreadful mercy! more than death ſevere!
That doubly tortures whom it ſeems to ſpare!
All ſeem enſlav'd, all bow to him alone;
Nor dare their hate their juſt reſentments own;
But inward grieve, their ſighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with *convulſive ſorrow* tear the *mind*.

* Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profeſſed Advocate. N.

Envy is mute—'tis treaſon to diſcloſe
The baneful ſource of their eternal woes.
But STILICO's ſuperior ſoul appears
Unſhock'd, unmov'd, by baſe ignoble fears.
He is the Polar Star, directs the *ſtate*,
When *parties* rage, and *public tempeſts* beat;
He is the ſafe *retreat*, the ſweet repoſe,
Can ſooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes*;
He is the ſolid, firm, unſhaken force,
That only knows to ſtem th' invader's courſe.
So when a river, ſwell'd with Winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted ſhore diſdains;
Bridges, and ſtones, and trees, in vain oppoſe;
With unreſiſted rage the torrent flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whoſe fix'd foundations can repel the ſhock,
Elided *ſurges* roar in *eddies* round,
The rock, *unmov'd*, reverberates the ſound.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN*,

AN APOLOGUE;

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF ÆSOP, WRITTEN TWO THOUSAND YEARS SINCE, AND NOW RENDERED IN FAMILIAR VERSE BY H. G. L. MAG.

GOOD precepts and true gold are more valuable for their antiquity. And here I preſent my good reader with one, delivered by the firſt founder of mythology, Æſop himſelf. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it, as a very excellent part of his production; and Phædrus, Camerarius, and others, ſeem to agree, that his Eagle, and five others not yet tranſlated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Though Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Eſtrange had the unhappineſs to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good fortune to diſcover them by the removal of my old library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now teach. They were written, or dictated at leaſt, by Æſop, in the fifty-fourth Olympiad: and though I deſigned them chiefly for the uſe of my ſchool (this being tranſ-

* The political moral of this little apologue is too evident to need any other comment, than barely mentioning that the lady was Queen Anne; deſiring the reader to recollect the change which ſhe made in her miniſtry in 1709, the year in which this poem was written; and referring to "Rufinus." N.

lated by a youth designed for a Greek professor), yet no man is so wise as not to need instruction, aye, and by the way of fable too; since the Holy Scriptures themselves, the best instructors, teach us by way of parable, symbol, image, and figure; and David was more moved with Nathan's "Thou "art the man," than all the most rigid lectures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing this version with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it metaphrastically done, *verbum verbo*, as the best way of justice to the author. Those that are meer adorers of ψίλοι λόγοι will not be angry that it is in this sort of metre, for which I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this sort of measure, which is pleasant and agreeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my master Aristotle, that ῥυθμὸς καὶ ἁρμονία are very far from being unnecessary or unpleasant. May this be of use to thee; and it will please thine in all good wishes, HORAT. GRAM.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

A LADY liv'd in former days,
That well deserv'd the utmost praise;
For greatness, birth, and justice fam'd,
And every virtue could be nam'd;
Which made her course of life so even,
That she's a Saint (if dead) in Heaven.

This Lady had a little ſeat
Juſt like a palace, 'twas ſo neat,
From aught (but goodneſs) her retreat.
One morning, in her giving way,
As was her cuſtom every day,
To cheer the poor, the ſick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing ſtranger by,
On whom ſhe quickly caſt an eye.
The man admiring, made a ſtand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
" What 's that, ſays ſhe, that hangs its head,
Sinking and faint? 'Tis almoſt dead."
" Madam, a Red-breaſt that I found,
By this wet ſeaſon almoſt drown'd."
" Oh! bring him in, and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm."
They ſoon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;
The Lady care herſelf did take,
And made a neſt for Robin's ſake:
But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plenteouſly did fare,
Aſſuming quite another air.
The neighbours thought, when this they ſpy'd,
The world well mended on his ſide.
With well-tun'd throat he whiſtled long,
And every body lik'd his ſong.
" At laſt, ſaid they, this little thing
Will kill itſelf, ſo long to ſing;

We'll closet him among the rest
Of those my Lady loves the best."
They little thought, that saw him come,
That Robins were so quarrelsome:
The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the highest perch he hops;
The party-colour'd birds he chose,
The Gold-finches, and such as those;
With them he'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary-birds were his delight,
With them he'd *tête-à-tête* all night;
But the brown Linnets went to pot,
He kill'd them all upon the spot.

The servants were employ'd each day,
Instead of work, to part some fray,
And wish'd the aukward fellow curst
That brought him to my Lady first.
At last they all resolv'd upon't,
Some way to tell my Lady on't.

Meanwhile he'd had a noble swing,
And rul'd just like the Gallic king;
Having kill'd or wounded all,
Unless the Eagle in the hall;
With whom he durst but only jar,
He being the very soul of war,
But hated him for his desert,
And bore him malice at his heart.

This Eagle was my Lady's pride,
The guardian safety of her side:

He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay.
For colour, pinions, and ſtature,
The faireſt workmanſhip of nature;
'Twould do one good to ſee him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love:
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He ſoar'd aloft in Brucum's field,
And thouſand Kites and Vultures kill'd;
Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unleſs to Robin and his crew.
One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A gooſe-quill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by uſe, that, now and then,
A ſword leſs hurt does than a pen.
As for example—What at home
You've well contriv'd to do at Rome,
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are ſuppos'd to undermine
The foe—in ſome immenſe deſign.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There's forty ways to give a ſign.
Well—all on fire away he ſtalk'd,
Till come to—where the Eagle walk'd.
Bob did not ſhill-I ſhall-I go,
Nor ſaid one word of friend or foe;
But flirting at him made a blow,
As game-cocks with their gauntlets do.

At which the Eagle gracefully
Caſt a diſdaining, ſparkling eye;
As who ſhould ſay—What's this, a flie?
But no revenge at all did take,
He ſpar'd him for their Lady's ſake,
Who ponder'd theſe things in her mind,
And took the conduct of the Eagle kind.
Upon reflection now—to ſhew
What harm the leaſt of things may do,
Mad Robin, with his curſed flirt,
One of the Eagle's *eyes had hurt;
Inflam'd it, made it red and ſore:
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear!
To fire the houſe, could ſcarce forbear:
With ſcorn, not pain, the Eagle fir'd,
Murmur'd diſdain, and ſo retir'd.
Robin, to offer ſome relief,
In words like theſe would heal their grief:
"Should th' Eagle die (which Heaven forbid!)
We ought ſome other to provide.
I do not ſay that any now
Are fit, but in a year or two:
And ſhould this mighty warrior fall,
They ſhould not want a General."
As men have long obſerv'd, that one
Misfortune ſeldom comes alone;

* Ὀφθαλμός, amongſt the Greeks, ſignifies "Honour as "tender as the eye." KING.

Juſt in the moment this was done,
Ten thouſand foes in ſight were come:
Vultures, and Kites, and birds of prey,
In flocks ſo thick—they darken'd day.
A long-concerted force and ſtrong,
Vermin of all kinds made the throng;
Foxes were in the faction join'd,
Who waited their approach to ground.

By every hand, from common fame,
The frightful face of danger came.
One cries, "What help now—who can tell?
I'm glad the Eagle's here, and well!"
Another out of breath with fear,
Says, "Thouſands more near ſea appear;
They'll ſwop our Chicken from the door;
We never were ſo ſet before:
We're glad the Eagle will forget,
And the invaders kill or beat."

Reſerv'd and great, his noble mind,
Above all petty things inclin'd,
Abhorr'd the thoughts of any thing,
But what his Lady's peace could bring:
Who bleſs'd him firſt, and bade him do
As he was wont, and beat the foe.

Burning and reſtleſs as the ſun,
Until this willing work was done;
He whets his talons, ſtretch'd his wings,
His lightning darts, and terror flings;

Towers with a flight into the ſky,
Theſe million monſters to deſcry,
Prepar'd to conquer, or to die.
The party, that ſo far was come,
Thought not the Eagle was at home:
To fame and danger us'd in field,
They knew he 'd quickly make them yield:
But, on aſſurance he was near,
Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear,
They made with hurry towards the lakes;
And he his pinions o'er them ſhakes.
They had not (with ſuch horror fill'd)
The courage to let one be kill'd:
They fled, and left no foe behind,
Unleſs it were the fleeting wind:
Only—a man by water took
Two fine young Merlins and a Rook.
The family had now repoſe:
But with the ſun the Eagle roſe;
Th' imperial bird purſu'd the foe,
More toil than reſt inur'd to know.
He wing'd his way to Latian land,
Where firſt was hatch'd this murdering band;
He darted death where'er he came,
Some of them dying at his name.
Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
Their bowels tore through every hedge:
They flutter, ſhriek, and caw, and hiſs;
Their ſtrength decays, and fears increaſe:
But moſt the chevaliers the Geeſe.

So many ſlaughter'd fowl there was,
Their carcaſes block'd-up the ways;
The reſt he drove, half ſpent, pell-mell,
Quite to the walls of Pontifell.

Robin at home, though mad to hear
He ſhould ſo conquer every where,
Expoſtulated thus with fear:
"Ungrateful I, that ſo have ſtirr'd
Againſt this generous, noble bird,
Waſt thou not firſt by him preferr'd?
Let's leave him in his gall to burn,
And back to Pontifell return."

There ſome to chimney-tops aſpire,
To turrets ſome that could fly higher;
Some 'bove a hundred miles were gone,
To rooſt them at Byzantium.
Alas! in vain was their pretence,
He broke through all their ſtrong defence:
Down went their fences, wires, and all;
Perches and birds together fall.

None hop'd his power to withſtand,
But gave the neſt to his command:
They told him of ten thouſand more,
In flocks along the Ganges' ſhore,
Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
Like Partridges among the ſtubble.
He ſpreads himſelf, and cuts the air,
And ſteady flight ſoon brought him there.
Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was!
To find they were but meer Jackdaws.

A hundred thouſand all in light,
They all could chatter, not one fight.
" I'll deal by them as is their due:
" Shough! cry'd the Eagle; off they flew."
His flaſhing eye their hearts confounds,
Though by their flight ſecure from wounds,
Which was a ſignal, fatal baulk
To a late ſwift Italian Hawk.

The Eagle would no reſt afford,
Till he had ſent my Lady word;
Who when ſhe heard the dear ſurprize,
Wonder and joy ſtood in her eyes.

" My faithful Eagle, haſt thou then
My mortal foes deſtroy'd again?
Return, return, and on me wait;
Be thou the guardian of my gate;
Thee and thy friends are worth my care,
Thy foes (if any ſuch there are)
Shall my avenging anger ſhare."
So—leſt new ills ſhould intervene,
She turn'd the Robin out again.

The Samians now, in vaſt delight,
Bleſs their good lady day and night;
Wiſh that her life might ne'er be done,
But everlaſting as the ſun.
The Eagle high again did ſoar;
The Lady was diſturb'd no more,
But all things flouriſh'd as before.

ROBIN RED BREAST, WITH THE BEASTS,

AN OLD CAT's PROPHECY;

TAKEN OUT OF AN OLD COPY OF VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRIT BY JOHN LIDGATE, A MONK OF BURY.

ONE that had in her infant ſtate,
While playing at her Father's gate,
Seen and was moſt hugely ſmitten
With young Dog and dirty Kitten,
Had took them up and lug'd them in,
And made the ſervants waſh them clean *.
When ſhe to a fit age was grown,
To be ſole Miſtreſs of her own,
Then to her favour and ſtrange truſt
She rais'd theſe two; in rank the firſt
The Dog: who, with gilt collar grac'd,
Strutted about. The cat was plac'd
O'er all the houſe to domineer,
And kept each wight of her in fear;
While he o'er all the plains had power,
That ſavage Wolves might not devour
Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
To take: but beaſts uncertain are!

* The political drift of this pretended prophecy is ſtill more evident than that of the preceding poem; the ſatire being abundantly more perſonal. N.

Now see by these what troubles rise
To those who in their choice unwise
Put trust in such; for he soon join'd
With beast of prey the Dog combin'd,
Who kill'd the Sheep, and tore the Hind;
While he would stand, and grin, and bark,
Concealing thus his dealings dark.
A Wolf, or so, sometimes he 'd take,
And then, O what a noise he 'd make!
But with wild beasts o'er-run yet are
The plains: some die for want of fare,
Or torn, or kill'd; the shepherds find
Each day are lost of every kind.
Thy silly Sheep lament in vain;
Of their hard fate, not him, complain.
The shepherds, and the servants all,
Against the traitor loudly bawl:
But there was none that dar'd to tell
Their Lady what to them befel;
For Pus a Fox of wondrous art
Brought-in, to help, and take their part,
By whose assistance to deceive,
She made her every lye believe.
One lucky day, when she was walking
In her woods, with servants talking,
And stopp'd to hear how very well
A Red-breast sung, then him to dwell
With her she call'd: he came, and took
His place next to a favourite Rook;

Where Robin ſoon began to ſing
Such ſongs as made the houſe to ring;
He ſung the loſs and death of Sheep,
In notes that made the Lady weep:
How for his charge the Dog unfit,
Took part with foes, and ſhepherds bit;
Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
And ſhew him cur of ſhabby race;
The firſt by wandering beggars fed,
His ſire, advanc'd, turn'd ſpit for bread;
Himſelf each truſt had ſtill abus'd;
To ſteal what he ſhould guard, was us'd
From puppy: known where-e'er he came
Both vile and baſe, and void of ſhame.

The Cat he ſung, that none could match
For venom'd ſpite, or cruel ſcratch;
That from a Witch transform'd ſhe came,
Who kitten'd three of equal fame:
This firſt, one dead, of tabby fur
The third ſurvives, much noiſe of her
Had been: a Cat well known, with eaſe
On errands dark, o'er land and ſeas,
She'd journies take to cub of Bear,
From theſe intriguing beaſts, who ſwear
They'll bring him to defend the wrong
That they have done. Again he ſung,
How Tabby once, in moon-light night,
Trotted with letter Fox did write;
In which he ſends his beſt reſpects
To the She-bear, and thus directs:

" Madam, ſaid he, your cub ſafe ſend,
" None ſhall his worſhip ſoon offend;
" It's all I can at preſent do
" To ſerve him, as his friends well know."
At this the beaſts grew in ſuch rage,
That none their fury could aſſuage;
Nay, Puſs her Lady would have ſcratch'd,
And tore her eyes, but ſhe was watch'd;
For ſhe'd ſet up her back, and mew,
And thrice ev'n in her face ſhe flew.
The Dog, like an ungrateful ſpark,
At her would dare to ſnarl and bark.
Her tenants wondering ſtood to hear
That ſhe their inſolence would bear;
And offer'd their aſſiſtance to
Soon make them better manners know:
But ſhe, to avoid all farther rout,
Her window opening, turn'd Bob out;
Hoping that then her beaſts would live
In peace, and no diſturbance give.
Yet nothing ſhe can do avails,
Their rage againſt her ſtill prevails;
Though Puſs was warn'd to fear their fate
In lines (by old prophetic Cat
Writ before her transformation,
When ſhe was in the Witch's ſtation)
Foretelling thus: " When beaſts are grown
" To certain heights, before unknown
" Of human race, ſome ſhall aloud
" Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,

" Who in vaſt numbers ſhall advance,
" And to new tunes ſhall make them dance:
" When this begins, no longer hope,
" For all remains is ax and rope."
But, not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
With ſome who of their plunder ſhar'd,
T'affront their Lady, and conſpire
To many with her money hire;
Contemning her, to pay undue
Regards unto this beſtial crew:
Though theſe reſembled human ſhapes,
They were indeed no more than Apes;
Who ſome in houſe, and ſome in wood,
And others in high boxes ſtood,
That chattering made ſuch noiſe and ſtir,
How all was due to Fox and Cur;
Till, by their falſe deluding way,
She found her flocks begin to ſtray.
Still Robin does for her his care
And zeal expreſs; on whom yet are
His thoughts all fix'd. On her he dreams
Each night. Her praiſes are his themes
In ſongs all day. Now perch'd on tree,
Finding himſelf ſecure and free,
He pertly ſhakes his little wings,
Sets up his throat: again he ſings,
" That ſhe had left no other way
To ſave her flocks, and end this fray,
But ſoon to her aſſiſtance take
One who could make theſe monſters ſhake;

A well-known huntſman, who has ſkill
The fierceſt beaſts to tame or kill:
At her command he'd come, and he
Would make her great, and ſet them free;
That, ſhould theſe beaſts ſome evil day
Bring Cub into her grounds, ſhe may
Depend that not herſelf they'll ſpare,
Since to inſult her now they dare:
All ſhe at beſt can hope for then,
Is to be ſafe ſhut up in den;
Since by ſure ſigns all theſe ingrate
Are known to bear her deadly hate."
He ends his ſong, and prays to Heaven
That ſhe may have the wiſdom given,
Before it be too late, to take
Such reſolutions as may make
Her ſafe, and that theſe beaſts no more
To ravage in the plains have power.

BRITAIN's PALLADIUM;

OR,

LORD BOLINGBROKE's WELCOME FROM FRANCE *.

" Et thure, et fidibus juvat
" Placare, et vituli ſanguine debito
" Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hiſpaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noiſe is this, that interrupts my ſleep?
What echoing ſhouts riſe from the briny deep?
Neptune a ſolemn feſtival prepares,
And Peace through all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident, which he us'd to ſhake,
Make Earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now, by his ſide, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
Gives a ſmooth ſurface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crouds of Nereids round his chariot play.
The ancient Sea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what 's now the laſt reſult of Fate;
What earthly Monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the ſeas.

* Lord Bolingbroke ſet out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare, one of his under-ſecretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbé Gualtier) Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712. N.

By an auſpicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coaſt this ſhining triumph meet;
Theſe pomps divine their mortal ſenſe ſurprize,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilſt ſcaly Tritons, with their ſhells, proclaim
The names that muſt ſurvive to future fame;
And Nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchaſe peace, make war:
Then Neptune his majeſtic ſilence broke,
And to the trembling ſailors mildly ſpoke:
" Throughout the world Britannia's flag diſplay;
" 'Tis my command, that all the globe obey;
" Let Britiſh ſtreamers wave their heads on high,
" And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure ſky;
" The reſt let Nereus tell"—
" If I have truth," ſays Nereus, " and foreſee
" The intricate deſigns of Deſtiny;
" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
" With ſharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
" Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
" Muſt ſurely know what, in the womb of time,
" Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
" How wars upon the watery realm ſhall ceaſe,
" And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
" Reſtore the ſpicy traffick of the Eaſt,
" And ſtretch her empire to the diſtant Weſt:
" Her fleets deſcry Aurora's purple bed,
" And Phœbus' ſteeds after their labours fed.

" The Southern coasts, to Britain scarcely known,
" Shall grow as hospitable as their own:
" No monsters shall be feign'd, to guard their store,
" When British trade secures their golden ore:
" The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
" Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield:
" Iron shall there intrinsic value show,
" And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
" Britannia's royal fishery shall be
" Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
" That mighty task to Glaucus we assign,
" Of more importance than the richest mine;
" He shall direct them how to strike the Whale,
" How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
" What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
" Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
" In vast Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
" Towns shall be built, sacred to Anna's* name;
" The silver fir and lofty pine shall rise
" From Britain's own united Colonies;
" Which to the mast shall canvass-wings afford,
" And pitch, to strengthen the unfaithful board;
" Norway may then her naval stores with-hold,
" And proudly starve for want of British gold.
" O happy Isle! to such advantage plac'd,
" That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd;
" Thy nation's genius, with industrious arts,
" Renders thee lovely to remotest parts.

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" Eliza firſt the fable ſcene withdrew,
" And to the ancient world diſplay'd the new;
" When Burleigh at the helm of ſtate was ſeen,
" The trueſt ſubject to the greateſt Queen;
" The Indians, from the Spaniſh yoke made free,
" Bleſs'd the effects of Engliſh liberty;
" Drake round the world his Sovereign's honour ſpread,
" Through ſtraights and gulphs immenſe her fame
" convey'd;
" Nor reſts enquiry here; his curious eye
" Deſcries new conſtellations in the ſky,
" In which vaſt ſpace, ambitious mariners
" Might place their names on high, and chuſe their ſtars.
" Raleigh, with hopes of new diſcoveries fir'd,
" And all the depths of human wit inſpir'd,
" Rov'd o'er the Weſtern world in ſearch of fame,
" Adding freſh glory to Eliza's name;
" Subdued new empires that will records be
" Immortal of a Queen's virginity *.
" But think not, Albion, that thy ſons decay,
" Or that thy princes have leſs power to ſway;
" Whatever in Eliza's reign was ſeen,
" With a re-doubled vigour ſprings again:
" Imperial Anna ſhall the ſeas control,
" And ſpread her naval laws from Pole to Pole:
" Nor think her conduct or her counſels leſs,
" In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;
" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
" Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by ſtealth.

* Alluding to the firſt ſettlement of Virginia.

" No nation can fear want, or dread ſurprize,
" Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loſs ſupplies;
" On him the publick moſt ſecurely leans,
" To eaſe the burthen of the beſt of Queens:
" On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
" When war ſhall ceaſe, and Britiſh commerce riſe.
" Alcides' ſtrength and Atlas' firmer mind
" To narrow ſtreights of Europe were confin'd.
" The Britiſh Sailors, from their Royal Change,
" May find a nobler liberty to range.
" Oxford ſhall be their Pole-ſtar to the South,
" And there reward the efforts of their youth:
" Whence, through his conduct, traffick ſhall increaſe,
" Ev'n to thoſe Seas which take their *name* from *peace**.
" Peace is the ſound muſt glad the Britons' ears:
" But ſee! the noble Bolingbroke appears;
" Geſture compos'd and looks ſerene declare
" Th' approaching iſſue of a doubtful war.
" Now my cœrulean race, ſafe in the deep,
" Shall hear no cannons' roar diſturb their ſleep;
" But ſmootheſt tides and the moſt halcyon gales
" Shall to their port direct Britannia's ſails.
" Ye Tritons, ſons of Gods! 'tis my command,
" That you ſee Bolingbroke in ſafety land;
" Your concave ſhells for ſofteſt notes prepare,
" Whilſt Echo ſhall repeat the gentleſt air;
" The River-gods ſhall there your triumphs meet,
" And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;
" Thames ſhall ſtand wondering, Iſis ſhall rejoice,
" And both in tuneful numbers raiſe their voice.

* The Pacific Ocean.

" The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
" In ſwifteſt ſtreams, confeſs their true content.
" Avon and Severn ſhall in raptures join,
" And Fame convey them to the Northern Tine.
" Tweed then no more the Britons ſhall divide,
" But Peace and Plenty flow on either ſide;
" Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feaſts,
" And all the world invite for welcome gueſts."

Faction, that through the land ſo fatal ſpread,
No more ſhall dare to raiſe her Hydra's head;
But all her votaries in ſilence mourn
The happineſs of Bolingbroke's return;
Far from the common pitch, he ſhall ariſe,
With great deſigns, to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep, to know of Whiggiſh plots the ſource,
Their ever-turning ſchemes, and reſtleſs courſe.

Who ſhall hereafter Britiſh annals read,
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A ſtubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaëtons of ſtate!
Theſe wiſe exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their ſouls, to ſee the wondrous man:
The aged counſellors, without ſurprize,
Found wit and prudence ſparkling in his eyes;
Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of years,
Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
But ſtruck by force of genius; ſuch as drove
The Goddeſs Pallas from the brain of Jove.

The youth of France, with pleasure, look'd to see
His graceful mien and beauteous symmetry:
The virgins ran, as to unusual show,
When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau;
Viewing the blooming minister desir'd,
And still, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
Nor did the Court, that best true grandeur knows,
Their sentiments by lesser facts disclose,
By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be seen again;
But they devis'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any subject of a crown.

The Gallic King, in age and counsels wise,
Sated with war, and weary of disguise,
With open arms salutes the British Peer,
And gladly owns his Prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove descends,
With grateful errand, to Heaven's choicest friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies,
To bear her Queen's commands through yielding skies,
Whilst o'er her wings fresh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' sight,
With message heavenly; and, with equal light,
Dispels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his Mistress' name for Peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great King receives
With the same grace that mighty Anna gives.

Let others boast of blood, the spoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endless woes,

Deteſted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled enſigns, ſtreaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd ſteel;
Fatal effects of foul inſatiate pride;
That deal their wounds alike on either ſide,
No limits ſet to their ambitious ends;
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.
By different methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
His growing honours and immortal praiſe.

He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger ſtood:
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;
And all he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
The liſtening Senate with attention heard,
And ſome admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demoſthenic ſtrength, and weight of ſenſe,
Such as fond Oxford to her Son ſupplied,
Deſign'd her own, as well as Britain's pride;
Who, leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
Might ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins;
Out-do whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
Of Neſtor's counſels, or Ulyſſes' tongue.

Oh! all ye Nymphs, whilſt time and youth allow,
Prepare the Roſe and Lily for his brow.
Much he has done, but ſtill has more in view;
To Anna's intereſt and his country true.
More I could propheſy; but muſt refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

TO THE

DUKE OF BEAUFORT*.

A PARAPHRASE ON NAUDÆUS'S ADDRESS TO CARDINAL DE BAGNI.

THE time will come (if Fate ſhall pleaſe to give
This feeble thread of mine more ſpace to live)
When I ſhall you and all your acts rehearſe,
In a much loftier and more fluent verſe;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther Eaſt,
To Carolina, and the diſtant Weſt,
Your name ſhall fly, and every where be bleſt;
Through Spain and tracts of Lybian ſands ſhall go
To Ruſſian limits, and to Zembla's ſnow.
Then ſhall my eager Muſe expand her wing,
Your love of juſtice and your goodneſs ſing;
Your greatneſs, equal to the ſtate you hold;
In counſel wiſe, in execution bold;
How there appears, in all that you diſpenſe,
Beauty, good-nature, and the ſtrength of ſenſe.
Theſe let the world admire.—From you a ſmile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

* Dr. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion of that work to the duke of Beaufort.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

SONG.

You ſay you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing ſound,
Repeat the eaſe of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thouſands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilſt I in humble ſilence died,
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
Endymion ſighing lay;
Gaz'd on the Moon's tranſcendent light,
Deſpair'd, and durſt not pray.

But divine Cynthia ſaw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unaſk'd the Goddeſs brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG.

TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames she cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrsis, cold returns,
Treat her with scorn and pride.

You know the captives she has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with disdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's sake, despise;
Let her kneel still, for mine.

Pursue thy conquest, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
Men can revenge their sex!

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were past,
When men in bonfires did their firing waste;
Yet still my monumental log did last:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the King's birth or coronation day.

Why with thoſe oaks, under whoſe ſacred ſhade
Charles was preſerv'd, ſhould any fire be made?
At laſt a froſt, a diſmal froſt, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:
Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilſt thus its owner pray'd:
" Thou that art worſhip'd in Dodona's grove,
" From all thy ſacred trees fierce flames remove:
" Preſerve this groaning branch, O hear my prayer,
" Spare me this one, this one poor Billet ſpare;
" That, having many fires and flames withſtood,
" Its ancient teſtimonial may laſt good,
" In future times to prove, I once had Wood!"

TO LAURA.

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

AT ſight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And, whilſt his generous tears are ſhed,
Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall,
David with grief his conqueſt views:
Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears;
Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LATE EARL OF ——*,

UPON HIS DISPUTING PUBLICKLY AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

MUSE, to thy master's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodness won't deny:
With due submission, tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this design,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard just now from vanquish'd Truth:
" Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis strange that there should be
" In this confession pleasure ev'n to me.
" With well-wrought terms my hold I strongly barr'd,
" And rough distinctions were my surly guard.
" Whilst I, sure of my cause, this strength possess;
" A noble youth, advancing with address,
" Led glittering Falsehood on with so much art,
" That I soon felt sad omens in my heart.
" Words with that grace," said I, " must needs per-
" suade;
" I find myself insensibly betray'd.
" Whilst he pursues his conquest, I retreat,
" And by that name would palliate my defeat.
" But here methinks I do the prospect see
" Of all those triumphs he prepares for me,
" When Virtue or when Innocence oppress
" Fly for sure refuge to his generous breast;

* Probably James the third earl of Anglesea. N.

" When with a noble mien his youth appears,
" And gentle voice perſuades the liſtening peers.
" Judges ſhall wonder when he clears the laws,
" Diſpelling miſts, which long have hid their cauſe:
" Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail,
" Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, ſhall ſure prevail:
" Thouſands of wreaths to me he ſhall repay,
" For that one laurel Error wears to-day."

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wiſhes firſt I ſought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I toaſted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.

You ſaw how ſtill my fire increas'd;
I griev'd to be denied:
You ſaid, " till I to wander ceas'd,
" You'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of paſſion ſwore,
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I've ſworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer falſe and vain:
My paſſion is with honour mix'd,
And both ſhall ever reign.

THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breaſt tear fond deſire,
Since Laura is not mine:
I'll ſtrive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling ſhade
Soft ſlumbers I may find:
There all the vows to Laura made,
Shall vaniſh with the wind.

The ſpeaking ſtrings and charming ſong
My paſſion may remove:
Oh, Muſick will the pain prolong,
And is the food of Love.

I'll ſearch heaven, earth, hell, ſeas, and air,
And that ſhall ſet me free:
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

My ſoul muſt ſtill endure the pain,
And with freſh torment rave:
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's ſlave.

THE SOLDIER's WEDDING.

A SOLILOQUY BY NAN THRASHERWELL.

BEING PART OF A PLAY CALLED "THE NEW TROOP."

O my dear Thraſherwell, you 're gone to ſea,
And happineſs muſt ever baniſh'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!
Perhaps he is on land at Portſmouth now
In the embraces of ſome Hampſhire Sow,
Who, with a wanton pat, cries, "Now, my Dear,
"You're wiſhing for ſome Wapping doxy here."—
"Pox on them all! but moſt on bouncing Nan,
"With whom the torments of my life began:
"She is a bitter one!"—You lye, you Rogue;
You are a treacherous, falſe, ungrateful dog.
Did not I take you up without a ſhirt?
Woe worth the hand that ſcrubb'd off all your dirt!
Did not my intereſt lift you in the Guard?
And had not you ten ſhillings, my reward?
Did I not then, before the Serjeant's face,
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with diſgrace?
And Thraſherwell before all others chuſe,
When I had the whole Regiment to louſe.
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your ſword,
The juſt revenger of your injur'd word!
The martial Youth round in a circle ſtood,
With envious looks of love, and itching blood:

You, with ſome oaths that ſignified conſent,
Cried "Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the ſword you went.
Then I with ſome more modeſty would ſtep:
The Enſign thump'd my bum, and made me leap.
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no power of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the Farmer had a jolly Wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whoſe diligence and cleanlineſs ſupplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then ſhe had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made cenſorious perſons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his ſoul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, ſhe'd uſe
To give him ſlippers, and lock up his ſhoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was diſturb'd or contradicted:
Yet ſtill into his ſtory ſhe would break
With, "'Tis not ſo—pray give me leave to ſpeak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he muſt exert himſelf, and be
In fact the maſter of his family.

He ſaid, "That the next Tueſday noon would ſhow
"Whether he were the lord at home, or no;

" When their good company he would intreat
" To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his raſh act diſcloſe,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at leaſt,
He might appear as maſter of the feaſt.
" I 'll grant your wiſh," cries ſhe, " that you may ſee
" 'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me."
The gueſts upon the day appointed came,
Each bowſy Farmer with his ſimpering dame.
" Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, " why doſt not thou appear!
" Are theſe thy manners when Aunt Snap is here?"
" I pardon aſk," ſays Sue; " I 'd not offend
" Any my dear invites, much leſs his friend."
Slouch by his kinſman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His ſaying, " There was nothing fit to eat:
" The boil'd Pork ſtinks, the roaſt Beef's not enough,
" The Bacon's ruſty, and the Hens are tough;
" The Veal's all rags, the Butter's turn'd to oil;
" And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
" 'Tis we are the firſt Slouches ever ſate
" Down to a Pudding without Plumbs or Fat.
" What Teeth or Stomach's ſtrong enough to feed
" Upon a Gooſe my Grannum kept to breed?
" Why muſt old Pigeons, and they ſtale, be dreſt,
" When there's ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt?
" This Beer is ſour; this muſty, thick, and ſtale,
" And worſe than any thing, except the Ale."

Sue all this while many excuſes made:
Some things ſhe own'd; at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch, "This
"e'en ſhall roll:
"I'm ſure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
"This is Skim-milk, and therefore it ſhall go;
"And this, becauſe 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waſte;
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
"Pray let me riſe," ſays Sue, "my dear; I'll find
"A Cheeſe perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might ſee;
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occaſion ſmelt;
"I'll try, my joy!" ſhe cried, "if I can pleaſe
"My Deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe!"
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command,
Knew well the twang: "Is't the Old Cheeſe, my Dear?
"No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch: "I'll
"ſwear,
"I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

Two neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;
But did not in their choice of Wives agree.
Clod thought a Cuckold was a monſtrous beaſt,
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt:

Therefore, reſolving never to be ſuch,
Married a Wife none but himſelf could touch.
Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young, handſome, jolly laſs, made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſons for't,
That, ſince in life ſuch miſchief muſt be had,
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A Tinker to Clod's houſe, with "Braſs to mend."
The good old wife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large, though countenance dark.
Firſt ſhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The ſquinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
Much time was ſpent, and much deſire expreſt:
At laſt the Tinker cried, "Few words are beſt:
"Give me that Skillet then; and, if I'm true,
"I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the Tinker goes,
With the ſame ſtroke of pan, and twang of noſe,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a ſprightly dame
That ſet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
"And can you then let a young Tinker die?"
Says ſhe, "Give me your Skillet then, and try."
"My Skillet! Both my heart and Skillet take;
"I wiſh it were a Copper for your ſake."
After all this, not many days did paſs,
Clod, ſitting at Jolt's houſe, ſurvey'd the Braſs

And glittering Pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf;
Then, after ſome gruff muttering with himſelf,
Cried, "Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine?"
"You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; "'t'en't mine;
"But I'll aſk Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
In truth as 'twas; then cried, "You've got the better:
"For, tell me, Deareſt, whether you would chuſe
"To be a gainer by me, or to loſe.
"As for our Neighbour Clod, this I dare ſay,
"We've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

TOM BANKS by native induſtry was taught
The various arts how Fiſhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and ſingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaſt eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They'd meet a fate more generous from his ſpear.
To baſket oft' he'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he'd ſometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below.
But, when he would a quick deſtruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He'd through the ſtream, where moſt deſcending, ſet
From ſide to ſide his ſtrong capacious net;

And then his ruſtic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And ſo purſue them down the rolling flood,
Gaſping for breath, and almoſt choak'd with mud,
Till they, of farther paſſage quite bereft,
Were in the maſh with gills entangled left.
Trot, who liv'd down the ſtream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unleſs he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
" Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
" They cannot boil, nor waſh, nor rinſe, they ſay,
" With water ſometimes ink, and ſometimes whey,
" According as you meet with mud or clay.
" Beſides, my wife theſe ſix months could not brew,
" And now the blame of this all's laid on you:
" For it will be a diſmal thing to think
" How we old Trots muſt live, and have no drink:
" Therefore, I pray, ſome other method take
" Of fiſhing, were it only for our ſake."
Says Banks, " I'm ſorry it ſhould be my lot
" Ever to diſoblige my goſſip Trot:
" Yet 't'en't my fault; but ſo 'tis Fortune tries one,
" To make his meat become his neighbour's poiſon;
" And ſo we pray for winds upon this coaſt,
" By which on t'other navies may be loſt.
" Therefore in patience reſt, though I proceed:
" There's no ill-nature in the caſe, but need.
" Though for your uſe this water will not ſerve,
" I'd rather you ſhould choak, than I ſhould ſtarve."

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt faces,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
In any point could tell you, to a hair,
When was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.
It happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,
At home he had occaſion for a light
To turn Socinus, Leſſius, Eſcobar,
Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre:
And therefore, as he from the chapel came,
Extinguiſhing a yellow taper's flame,
By which juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
The uſeful remnant to his ſleeve convey'd.
There happen'd a Phyſician to be by,
Who thither came but only as a ſpy,
To find out others' faults, but let alone
Repentance for the crimes that were his own.
This Doctor follow'd Paddy; ſaid, "He lack'd
"To know what made a ſacrilegious fact."
Paddy with ſtudied gravity replies,
"That's as the place or as the matter lies:
"If from a place unſacred you ſhould take
"A ſacred thing, this ſacrilege would make;
"Or an unſacred thing from ſacred place,
"There would be nothing different in the caſe;
"But, if both thing and place ſhould ſacred be,
"'Twere height of ſacrilege, as Doctors all agree."

" Then," says the Doctor, " for more light in this,
" To put a special case, were not amiss.
" Suppose a man should take a Common Prayer
" Out of a Chapel where there's some to spare?"
" A Common Prayer!" says Paddy, " that would be
" A sacrilege of an intense degree."
" Suppose that one should in these holidays
" Take thence a bunch of Rosemary or Bays?"
" I'd not be too censorious in that case,
" But 'twould be sacrilege still from the place."
" What if a man should from the Chapel take
" A taper's end: should he a scruple make,
" If homeward to his chambers he should go,
" Whether 'twere theft, or sacrilege, or no?"
The sly insinuation was perceiv'd:
Says Paddy, " Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
" Unless in cases you distinguish right;
" But this may be resolv'd at the first sight.
" As to the taper, it could be no theft,
" For it had done its duty, and was left:
" And sacrilege in having it is none,
" Because that in my sleeve I now have one."

THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wandering without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
Considering both were wash'd away with beer,
With Strap the Constable by Fortune meets,
Whose lanterns glare in the most silent streets.

Reſty, impatient any one ſhould be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he:
" Stand; who goes there," cries Strap," at hours ſo late?
" Anſwer. Your name; or elſe have at your pate."—
" I wo'nt ſtand, 'cauſe I can't. Why muſt you know
" From whence it is I come, or where I go?"
" See here my ſtaff," cries Strap; " trembling behold
" Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
" Wooden authority when thus I wield,
" Perſons of all degrees obedience yield.
" Then, be you the beſt man in all the city,
" Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."
" You! kiſs, and ſo forth. For that never ſpare:
" If that be all, commit me if you dare;
" No perſon yet, either through fear or ſhame,
" Durſt commit me, that once had heard my name."—
" Pray then, what is't?"—" My name's ADUL-
" TERY;
" And, faith, your future life would pleaſant be,
" Did your wife know you once committed *me*."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the Carrier coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, " How do'ſt, Paul?"—" Thank you: and how
" do'ſt, Betty?"

" Didſt ſee our Jack, nor Siſter? No, you've ſeen,
" I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the Queen."
" Many words ſpoke in jeſt," ſays Paul, " are true,
" I came from Windſor*; and, if ſome folks knew
" As much as I, it might be well for you."
" Lord, Paul! what is't?"—" Why give me ſome-
" thing for't,
" This kiſs; and this. The matter then is ſhort:
" The Parliament have made a proclamation,
" Which will this week be ſent all round the nation;
" That Maids with *little mouths* do all prepare
" On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
" And that all Batchelors be likewiſe there:
" For Maids with little mouths ſhall, if they pleaſe,
" From out of theſe young men chooſe two apiece."
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with ſimpering grace,
Cries, " Hem! pray what muſt all the huge ones do
" For huſbands, when we little mouths have two?"
" Hold, not ſo faſt," cries he; " pray pardon me:
" Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*, muſt have
" three."
Betty diſtorts her face with hideous ſquall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
" Oh! ho! is't ſo? The caſe is alter'd, Paul.
" Is that the point? I wiſh the three were ten;
" I warrant I'd find *mouth*, if they'll find *men*."

* Where Queen Anne and her Court frequently reſided.

HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckieſt of his crew,
Was ſtill contriving ſomething bad, but new.
His comrades all obedience to him paid,
In executing what deſigns he laid:
'Twas they ſhould rob the orchard, he'd retire,
His foot was ſafe whilſt theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree,
None ſhould preſume to be ſo wiſe as he;
But, being at the top of all affairs,
The profit was his own, the miſchief theirs.
There fell ſome words made him begin to doubt,
The rogues would grow ſo wiſe to find him out;
He was not pleas'd with this, and ſo next day
He cries to them, as going juſt to play,
" What a rare Jack-daw's neſt is there! look up,
" You ſee 'tis almoſt at the ſteeple's top."
" Ah," ſays another, " we can have no hope
" Of getting thither to 't without a rope."
Says then the fleering ſpark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in;
" Nothing more eaſy; did you never ſee
" How, in a ſwarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
" Make a long ſort of rope below the tree.
" Why mayn't we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
" For that contrivance pray let me alone.
" Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold you;
" And then I warrant you the thing will do.

" But, if there's any does not care to try,
" Let us have no Jack-daws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and so they soon complied,
No argument like that was e'er denied,
And therefore instantly the thing was tried.
They hanging down on strength above depend:
Then to himself mutters their trusty friend,
" The dogs are almost useless grown to me,
" I ne'er shall have such opportunity
" To part with them; and so e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, " So ho! my lads! so ho!
" You're gone, unless ye all hold fast below.
" They've serv'd my turn, so 'tis fit time to drop them;
" The Devil, if he wants them, let him stop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode astray,
More out of choice, than that he lost his way:
He let his company the Hare pursue,
For he himself had other game in view:
A Beggar by her trade; yet not so mean,
But that her cheeks were fresh, and linen clean.
" Mistress," quoth he, " and what if we two shou'd
" Retire a little way into the wood?"
She needed not much courtship to be kind,
He ambles on before, she trots behind;
For little Bobby, to her shoulders bound,
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.

He often ask'd her to expose; but she
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says she, " I know an unfrequented place,
" To the left hand, where we our time may pass,
" And the mean while your horse may find some
" grass."
Thither they come, and both the horse secure;
Then thinks the Squire, I have the matter sure.
She 's ask'd to sit: but then excuse is made,
" Sitting," says she, " 's not usual in my trade:
" Should you be rude, and then should throw me down,
" I might perhaps break more backs than my own."
He smiling cries, " Come, I 'll the knot untie,
" And, if you mean the Child's, we 'll lay it by."
Says she, " That can't be done, for then 'twill cry.
" I 'd not have us, but chiefly for your sake,
" Discover'd by the hideous noise 'twould make.
" Use is another nature, and 'twould lack,
" More than the breast, its custom to the back."
" Then," says the Gentleman, " I should be loth
" To come so far and disoblige you both:
" Were the child tied to me, d 'ye think 'twould do?"
" Mighty well, Sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you!"
With speed incredible to work she goes,
And from her shoulder soon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toss
Upon her generous friend, and, like a cross,
The sheet she with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabrick binds.
The Gentleman had scarce got time to know
What she was doing; she, about to go,

Cries, " Sir, good b'ye; ben't angry that we part,
" I truſt the child to you with all my heart:
" But, ere you get another, 't'en't amiſs
" To try a year or two how you'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the Shire of Nottingham there lies
A pariſh fam'd, becauſe the men were wiſe:
Of their own ſtrain they had a teacher ſought,
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had ſnor'd, and eat, and fatten'd there;
When he the houſe-keepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a ſort of Pariſh-meeting call;
Promiſing ſomething, which, well underſtood,
In little time would turn to all their good.
When met, he thus harangues: " Neighbours, I
" find,
" That in your principles you're well inclin'd:
" But then you're all ſolicitous for Sunday;
" None ſeem to have a due regard for Monday,
" Moſt people then their dinners have to ſeek,
" As if 'twere not the firſt day of the week;
" But, when you have haſh'd meat and nothing more,
" You only curſe the day that went before.
" On Tueſday all folks dine by one conſent:
" And Wedneſdays only faſt by Parliament,
" But Faſting ſure by Nature ne'er was meant.

" The Market will for Thurſday find a diſh,
" And Friday is a proper day for fiſh;
" After fiſh, Saturday requires ſome Meat;
" On Sunday you're obliged by law to treat;
" And the ſame law ordains a Pudding then,
" To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
" Take Hens, Geeſe, Turkies, then, or ſomething light,
" Becauſe their legs, if broil'd, will ſerve at night,
" And, ſince I find that roaſt Beef makes you ſleep,
" Corn it a little more, and ſo 'twill keep.
" Roaſt it on Monday, pity it ſhould be ſpoil'd;
" On Tueſday Mutton either roaſt or boil'd.
" On Wedneſday ſhould be ſome variety,
" A Loin or Breaſt of Veal, and Pigeon-pye.
" On Thurſday each man of his diſh make choice,
" 'Tis fit on Market-days we all rejoice.
" And then on Friday, as I ſaid before,
" We'll have a diſh of Fiſh, and one diſh more.
" On Saturday ſtew'd Beef, with ſomething nice,
" Provided quick, and toſs'd up in a trice,
" Becauſe that in the afternoon, you know,
" By cuſtom, we muſt to the Ale-houſe go;
" For elſe how ſhould our houſes e'er be clean,
" Except we gave ſome time to do it then?
" From whence, unleſs we value not our lives,
" None part without remembring firſt our Wives.
" But theſe are ſtanding rules for every day,
" And very good ones, as I ſo may ſay:
" After each meal, let's take a hearty cup;
" And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we ſup.

" Now for the application, and the uſe:
" I found your care for Sunday an abuſe:
" All would be aſking, Pray, Sir, where d'you dine?
" I have roaſt Beef, choice Veniſon, Turkey, Chine:
" Every one's hawling me. Then ſay poor I,
" It is a bitter buſineſs to deny;
" But, who is't cares for fourteen meals a day,
" As for my own part, I had rather ſtay,
" And take them now and then,—and here and there,—
" According to my preſent bill of fare.
" You know I'm ſingle: if you all agree
" To treat by turns, each will be ſure of me.
The Veſtry all applauded with a hum,
And the ſeven wiſeſt of them bad him come.

THE MONARCH.

WHEN the young people ride the Skimmington,
There is a general trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the perſon rides
Suffers, but they ſweep other doors beſides;
And by that hieroglyphic does appear
That the good woman is the maſter there.
At Jenny's door the barbarous Heathens ſwept,
And his poor wife ſcolded until ſhe wept;
The mob ſwept on, whilſt ſhe ſent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
Some few days after, two young ſparks came there,
And whilſt ſhe does her Coffee freſh prepare,

One for diſcourſe of news the maſter calls,
T'other on this ungrateful ſubject falls.
" Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
" For I believe there's no great reaſon for't,
" As if the folks t'other day ſwept your door,
" And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There's nothing in't," ſays Jenny; " that is done
" Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,
" And, gentlemen, you'd much miſtaken be,
" If any one ſhould not think that of me.
" Within theſe walls, my ſuppliant vaſſals know
" What due obedience to their prince they owe,
" And kiſs the ſhadow of my papal toe.
" My word's a law; when I my power advance,
" There's not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
" Not the Mogul or Czar of Muſcovy,
" Not Preſter John, or Cham of Tartary,
" Are in their houſes Monarch more than I.
" My Houſe my Caſtle is, and here I'm King,
" I'm Pope, I'm Emperor, Monarch, every thing.
" What though my wife be partner of my bed,
" The Monarch's Crown ſits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
And, hearing all, thought his diſcourſe too long:
Her conſcience ſaid, he ſhould not tell ſuch lyes,
And to her knowledge ſuch; ſhe therefore cries,
" D'ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?—
" Come down
" And grind the Coffee—or I'll crack your Crown."

JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to see
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.
He had a Servant, much of Æſop's kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind:
" Humpus," ſays he, " I order that you find
" Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
" As in this paper now I give you here;
" Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
" Or rather you ſhall meet with a worſe fate,
" For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtrait.
" Bring him to dinner." Humpus ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air and look profound,
Who, ſolitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to ſay, " Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, " Sir, my Maſter bade me pray
" Your company to dine with him to-day."
He ſnuffs; then follows; up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes,
But, looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling eaſy, doth for ſleep prepare.

In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, " Let them take the other chairs that will!"
The Maſter thus accoſts him, " Sir, you're wet,
" Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, " If I do ſpoil it, need I care?
" I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare."
Dinner's brought up; the Wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
" This is not very uſual," thinks the Clown:
" But is not all the family his own?
" And why ſhould I, for contradiction's ſake,
" Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
" If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
" What need I care! there is the more for me."
After a while, the Daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he'll command.
Thinks he, " The better from the fairer hand!"
Young Maſter next muſt riſe, to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf, to ſee the booby dine:
He does. The Father aſks, " What have you there?
" How dare you give a ſtranger Vinegar?"
" Sir, 'twas Champagne I gave him."—" Sir, indeed!
" Take him and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed;
" Don't ſpare him for his tears or age: I'll try
" If Cat-of-nine-tails can excuſe a lye."
Thinks the Clown, " That 'twas wine, I do believe;
" But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive:
" He's none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
" And how know I but 't may be for his good?"
When the deſſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault;

They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was ask'd who made them. Trembling he
Said, " Sir, it was my Lady gave them me."—
" No more such Poison shall she ever give,
" I'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting she should live:
" Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry;
" And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by?"
Then, smiling, says the Clown, " Upon my life,
" A pretty fancy this, to burn one's Wife!
" And, since I find 'tis really your design,
" Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."

OF DREAMS.

" For a Dream cometh through the multitude of Business.
ECCLES. v. 4.

" Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
" Non delubra deûm nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
" Sed sibi quisque facit," &c. PETRONIUS.

THE flitting Dreams, that play before the wind,
Are not by Heaven for Prophesies design'd;
Nor by æthereal Beings sent us down,
But each man is creator of his *own:*
For, when their weary limbs are sunk in ease,
The souls essay to wander where they please;
The scatter'd images have space to play,
And Night repeats the labours of the Day.

THE

ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. Hasty Pudding.

I sing of food, by Britiſh Nurſe deſign'd,
To make the Stripling brave, and Maiden kind.
Delay not, Muſe, in numbers to rehearſe
The pleaſures of our life, and ſinews of our verſe.
Let Pudding's diſh, moſt wholeſome, be thy theme,
And dip thy ſwelling plumes in fragrant Cream.
Sing then that Diſh ſo fitting to improve
A tender modeſty and trembling love;
Swimming in Butter of a golden hue,
Garniſh'd with drops of Roſe's ſpicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal Matron ſeems in haſte,
Nor cares to beat her Pudding into Paſte:
Yet Milk in proper Skillet ſhe will place,
And gently ſpice it with a blade of Mace;
Then ſet ſome careful Damſel to look to 't,
And ſtill to ſtir away the Biſhop's-foot;
For, if burnt Milk ſhould to the bottom ſtick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks ſick.
Into the Milk her Flour ſhe gently throws,
As Valets now would powder tender Beaux:
The liquid forms in hasty mass unite
Forms equally delicious, as they 're white.
In ſhining diſh the hasty mass is thrown,
And ſeems to want no graces but its own.

Yet ſtill the Houſewife brings in freſh ſupplies,
To gratify the taſte, and pleaſe the eyes.
She on the ſurface lumps of Butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams diſplays;
From whence it cauſes, wondrous to behold,
A Silver ſoil bedeck'd with ſtreams of Gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG after a QUAKING-PUDDING.

AS Neptune, when the three-tongu'd fork he takes,
With ſtrength divine the globe terreſtrial ſhakes,
The higheſt Hills, Nature's ſtupendous Piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into Iſles;
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty Pines,
And Snow unmelted in the vallies ſhines:
Thus when the Dame her HEDGE-HOG-PUDDING breaks,
Her Fork indents irreparable ſtreaks.
The trembling lump, with Butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilſt Almonds thick
With bright Loaf-ſugar on the ſurface ſtick.

III. PUDDINGS of VARIOUS COLOURS in a Diſh.

YOU, Painter-like, now variegate the ſhade,
And thus from PUDDINGS there 's a Landſcape made.
And Wife and London *, when they would diſpoſe
Their Ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
So mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives light and ſhadow as the others want.

* The two royal gardeners. KING.

IV. Making of a GOOD PUDDING gets a GOOD HUSBAND.

YE Virgins, as theſe lines you kindly take,
So may you ſtill ſuch glorious Pudding make,
That crouds of Youth may ever be at ſtrife,
To gain the ſweet compoſer for his wife!

V. SACK and SUGAR to QUAKING-PUDDING.
" Oh, Delicious!"

BUT where muſt our Confeſſion firſt begin,
If Sack and Sugar once be thought a Sin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

HID in the dark, we mortals ſeldom know
From whence the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright PEWTERIA's love-ſick diſcontent?
Yet ſo it was, PEWTERIA felt Love's heat
In fiercer flames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
No Pudding's loſt, but may with freſh delight
Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

BUT Mutton, thou moſt nouriſhing of meat,
Whoſe ſingle joint* may conſtitute a treat;
When made a Pudding, you excel the reſt
As much as That of other Food is beſt!

* A Loin. KING.

VIII. Oatmeal Pudding.

OF Oats decorticated take two pound,
And of new milk enough the ſame to drown;
Of raiſins of the Sun, ſton'd, ounces eight;
Of currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal weight;
Of ſuet, finely ſlic'd, an ounce at leaſt;
And ſix eggs, newly taken from the neſt:
Seaſon this mixture well with ſalt and ſpice;
'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding rice;
And you may ſafely feed on it like farmers,
For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

IX. A Sack-Posset.

FROM far Barbadoes, on the Weſtern Main,
Fetch ſugar, half a pound; fetch ſack, from Spain,
A pint; then fetch, from India's fertile coaſt,
Nutmeg, the glory of the Britiſh toaſt.

UPON A GIANT's ANGLING.

His angle-rod made of a ſturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in ſtorms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And ſate upon a Rock and bobb'd for whale.

ADVICE TO HORACE,

TO TAKE HIS LEAVE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticizing ſtuff
To Epicurus' School.

But, in excuſe of this, you'll ſay,
You're ſo unwieldy grown,
That, if amongſt that herd you lay,
You ſcarcely ſhould be known.

How many butter'd cruſts you've toſt
Into your weem ſo big,
That you're more like (at College coſt)
A *porpoiſe* than a *pig*.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than your're wide.

Then bleſs me, Sir, how many craggs
You've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly ſwaggs,
That's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
They've had a jolly taſter:
But no great likelihood to feaſt,
'Twixt Horace and the Maſter!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

CÆSAR, poſſeſs'd of Ægypt's Queen,
And Conqueror of her charms,
Would envy, had he Darco ſeen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA.

Should Memnon that fam'd Black revive,
Aurora's darling Son,
For Zabra's heart in vain he'd ſtrive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Freſh Mulberries new-preſs'd diſcloſe
A blood of purple hue;
And Zabra's lips, like crimſon Roſe,
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous Sun has kiſs'd his face;
And, now thoſe beams are ſet,
A lovely night aſſumes the place,
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkneſs is myſtic prieſt to Love,
And does its rites conceal;
O'erſpread with clouds, ſuch joys we'll prove
As day ſhall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
Are guides, what heart can ſtray?
Whoever views his teeth, deſcries
The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's ſands,
That with gold's luſtre ſhine,
With eaſe I quit thoſe high commands
Whilſt Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that bleſt world repair,
Where Whites no portion have;
I'd ſoon, if Darco were not there,
Fly back, and be a Slave.

EPIGRAM.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
That, from an orifice ſo very ſmall
The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From ſmaller darts, much greater wounds ariſe,
When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

SAM WILLS had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs;
And for her pretty Mouth admir'd her face.
Kate had lik'd Sam, for Noſe of Roman ſize,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—ſays Sam, Alas, to ſay the truth,
I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall Mouth!
Alas, cries Kate, could any one ſuppoſe,
I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a Noſe!
But I henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
To have experience firſt, and then to truſt!

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who, writing this,
Wiſhes you in the ſame that now he is;
Though to your perſon he may be unknown,
His wiſhes are as hearty as your own.
For Carter's drink, when in his Maſter's hand,
Has pleaſure and good-nature at command.
What though his Lordſhip's lands are in your truſt,
'Tis greater to his Brewing to be juſt.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you ſupply him ſtill with well-dried Malt.
Still be a ſervant conſtant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous Lord;
Liquor, like him, from ſeeds of worth in light,
With ſparkling atoms ſtill aſcending bright.

May your accompts ſo with your Lord ſtand clear,
And have your reputation like your Beer;
The main perfection of your life purſue,
In March, October, every month, ſtill brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"

NERO.

A SATIRE.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and Senate ſlain;
The Prince, with Brother's gore imbrued;
His tender Mother's life purſued;
How he the carcaſe, as it lay,
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtic grace
That ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face:
Yet he with ſword could domineer
Where dawning light does firſt appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole courſe, ev'n to that ſtrand
Where he, abhorring ſuch a ſight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
Yet he could death and terror throw,
Where Thulé ſtarves in Northern ſnow;
Where Southern heats do fiercely paſs
O'er burning ſands that melt to glaſs.
Fond hopes! Could height of Power aſſuage
The mad exceſs of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate, when ſubjects find
The Sword unjuſt to Poiſon join'd!

AD AMICUM.

PRIMUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus * in oras,
Palladias artes ſecum, cytharamque ſonantem
Attulit; aſt illi comites Parnaſſido una
Adveniunt, autorque viæ conſultus Apollo:
Ille idem ſparſos longè latèque colonos
Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Creſcere divitias et ſurgere tecta deorum.
Talibus auſpiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrſa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
Carthago regum domitrix; ſic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit aſtris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who firſt, from Britiſh ſhore,
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending Muſes ſtrung,
And Phœbus' ſkill inſpir'd the lays he ſung.
Strong towers and palaces their riſe began,
And liſtening ſtones to ſacred fabricks ran.
Juſt laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
And trade's briſk current flow'd with wealth's increaſe.
On ſuch foundations learned Athens roſe;
So Dido's thong did Carthage firſt incloſe:
So Rome was taught *old* Empires to ſubdue,
As Tynte creates and governs, now, the *new*.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how,
Eſtate when ſunk, and pocket low,
What ſubtle arts, what ſecret ways,
May the deſponding fortune raiſe?
You laugh: thus Miſery is ſcorn'd!

TIRESIAS.

Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your Wit, and view again
Your Farm of Ithac, and Wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

Sage friend, whoſe word's a law to me,
My want and nakedneſs you ſee:
The ſparks, who made my wife ſuch offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They've kill'd my oxen, ſheep, and geeſe,
Eat up my bacon and my cheeſe.
Lineage and virtue, at this puſh,
Without the *gelt*, 's not worth a ruſh.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averſe to being poor;
Therefore find out ſome rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a Swan, a Turkey-pye,
With Woodcocks, thither let them fly,

The First-fruits of your early Spring,
Not to the Gods, but to Him bring.
Though he a foundling Bastard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By justice for that crime pursued;
Never the wall, when ask'd, refuse,
Nor lose your friend, to save your shoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthiest of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not so.
There with the best I us'd to strive.

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you 'll never thrive.

ULYSSES,

It will be very hard, that 's true:
Yet I'll my generous mind subdue.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO,

CANTO III. ST. 3.

SO when bold Mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to seek some unfrequented shore:
The sea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How false is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wish'd-for land some happier sight descries,
Distant huzzas, saluting clamours, rise:
Each strives to shew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets past danger, and the tedious way.

FROM HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of Laws and doubtful War:
But chearful Friendſhip, mix'd with Innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvied ſtore,
Till their diſcreteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when, by fate, they came to breathe their laſt,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſs'd.
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

THAME AND ISIS.

SO the God Thame, as through ſome pond he glides,
Into the arms of wandering Iſis ſlides:
His ſtrength, her ſoftneſs, in one bed combine,
And both with bands inextricable join.
Now no cœrulean Nymph, or Sea God, knows,
Where Iſis, or where Thame, diſtinctly flows;
But with a laſting charm they blend their ſtream,
Producing one imperial River—THAME.

I waked, ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the Morning.

NATURE a thouſand ways complains,
A thouſand words expreſs her pains:
But for her Laughter has but three,
And very ſmall ones, HA, HA, HE!

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS*.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate.
If earthly things are rul'd by Heaven,
Or matters go at ſix and ſeven,
The coach without a coachman driven?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ſhip left to wind and tide?
A great Firſt Cauſe to be ador'd,
Or whether all's a lottery-board?
For when, in viewing Nature's face,
I ſpy ſo regular a grace!
So juſt a ſymmetry of features,
From ſtem to ſtern, in all her creatures!
When on the boiſtrous ſea I think,
How 'tis confin'd like any ſink!
How ſummer, winter, ſpring, and fall,
Dance round in ſo exact a hawl!
How, like a chequer, day and night,
One's mark'd with black, and one with white!
Quoth I, I ken it well from hence,
There's a preſiding influence!
Which won't permit the rambling ſtars
To fall together by the ears:

* See a ſerious tranſlation, above, p. 122.

Which orders ſtill the proper ſeaſon
For hay and oats, and beans and peaſen:
Which trims the ſun with its own beams;
Whilſt the moon ticks for her's, it ſeems,
And, as aſham'd of the diſgrace,
Unmaſks but ſeldom all her face:
Which bounds the ocean within banks,
To hinder all its mad-cap pranks:
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave, or joint to ſpit!
But then again! How can it be
Whilſt ſuch vaſt tracks of earth we ſee
O'er-run by barbarous tyranny!
Vile ſycophants in clover bleſs'd;
Whilſt patriots with Duke Humphry feaſt,
Brow-beaten, bullied, and oppreſs'd!
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule;
Whilſt he, who ſeems to be a tool,
Is the prieſt's knave, the placeman's fool!
This whimſical phænomenon,
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*,
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a preſs'd ſoldier, to eſpouſe
The ſceptic's hypothetic cauſe:
Who Kent will to a codling lay us,
That croſs-or-pile refin'd the chaos;
That jovial atoms once did dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
No art or ſkill were taken up,
But all fell out as round as hoop!

A *vacuum*'s another maxim;
Where, he brags, experience backs him:
Denying that all ſpace is full,
From inſide of a Tory's ſkull.
As to a Deity; his tenet
Swears by It, there is nothing in it;
Elſe 'tis too buſy or too idle,
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
Anna's a curb to lawleſs Louis,
Which as illuſtrious as true is;
Her victories o'er deſpotic-right,
That paſſive non-reſiſting bite,
Have brought this myſtery to light:
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And anſwer'd all the ſqueamiſh doubt;
Have clear'd the regency on-high,
From every preſumptuous Why.
No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore;
Plain, as noſe on face, expounding
All this intricate dumb-founding;
Which to the mean'ſt conception is,
As followeth hereunder, viz.

" Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
" To make their headlong fall the greater."

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd so fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail,
To bring the owners to a sale;
Jezabel saw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied:
And thus accosted him with scorn,
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
"A king, and weep! The ground's your own:
"I'll vest the garden in the crown."
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head.
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezabel as near.
Hall, of small Scripture-conversation,
Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By some strange accident had got
The story of this Garden Plot;
Wisely foresaw he might have reason
To dread a modern bill of treason,
If Jezabel should please to want
His small addition to her grant;
Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
To begin first, and make his court;
And, seeing nothing else would do,
Gave a third part, to save the other two.

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD *;

WRITTEN BY DR. KING,

IN THE CHARACTER OF "THE REVIEW."

TO Windsor Canon, his well-chosen Friend,
The just Review does kindest greeting send,
I've found the man by nature's gift design'd
To please my ear and captivate my mind,
By sympathy the eager passions move,
And strike my soul with wonder and with love!
Happy that place, where much less care is had
To save the virtuous, than protect the bad;

* Taken from an admirable banter of our author's, intituled, "Two Friendly Letters from honest Tom Boggy, to the Rev. "Mr. Goddard, Canon of Windsor," very proper to be tacked to the Canon's Sermon; first printed in 8vo, 1710. This Sermon (full of high treason against High-church, Hereditary Right, and Sacheverell) was intituled, "The Guilt, Mischief, and Aggrava-"tion of Censure; set forth in a Sermon preached in St. George's "Chapel within her Majesty's Castle of Windsor, on Sunday the "25th of June, 1710. By Thomas Goddard, A.M. Canon of "Windsor. London, printed for B. Lintot, 1710."—Mr. Goddard was installed Canon May 26, 1707, and was also Rector of St. Bennet Finch, London. He published a 30th of January Sermon, in 4to, 1703; and "The Mercy of God to this Church "and Kingdom, exemplified in the several Instances of it, from "the Beginning of the Reformation down to the present Time. "A Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on "Tuesday the 7th of November, the Day of Thanksgiving, 1710," 8vo. They were all reprinted in 1715, with three others, under the title of "Six Sermons on several Occasions," 8vo. N.

Where Paſtors muſt their ſtubborn Flock obey,
Or that be thought a ſcandal which they ſay:
For, ſhould a ſin, by ſome grand ſoul belov'd,
Chance with an aukward zeal to be reprov'd,
And tender conſcience meet the fatal curſe,
Of hardening by reproof, and growing worſe:
When things to ſuch extremities are brought,
'Tis not the Sinner's, but the Teacher's, fault.
With Great Men's wickedneſs, then, reſt content,
And give them their own leiſure to repent;
Whilſt their own head-ſtrong will alone muſt curb them,
And nothing vex, or venture to diſturb them,
Leſt they ſhould loſe their favour in the court,
And no one but themſelves be ſorry for't.
Were I in panegyrick vers'd like you,
I'd bring whole offerings to your merit due.
You've gain'd the conqueſt; and I freely own,
Diſſenters may by Churchmen be out-done.
Though once we ſeem'd to be at ſuch a Diſtance,
Yet both concenter in Divine reſiſtance:
Both teach what Kings muſt do when ſubjects fight,
And both diſclaim Hereditary Right.
By Jove's command, two Eagles took their flight,
One from the Eaſt, the ſource of infant light,
The other from the Weſt, that bed of night.
The birds of thunder both at Delphi meet,
The centre of the world, and Wiſdom's ſeat.
So, by a Power not decent here to name,
To one fixt point our various notions came,

Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windſor flew,
Whilſt Shop and Meeting-houſe brought forth Review*.
Your brains fierce Eloquence and Logick tried,
My humbler ſtrain choice Socks and Stockings cried;
Yet in our common principles we meet,
You ſinking from the Head, I riſing from the Feet.
Pardon a haſty Muſe, ambitious grown,
T'extol a merit far beyond his own.
For, though a moderate Painter can't command
The ſtroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand:
Yet their tranſcendent works his fancy raiſe;
And there's ſome ſkill in knowing *what* to praiſe.

* A well-known political paper by De Foe; in which Mr. Goddard's Sermon was immoderately commended. See a long account of this writer, and of Ridpath and Tutchin his aſſociates, in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

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THE

POEMS

OF

DR. THOMAS SPRAT,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

TO

THE REVEREND DR. WILKINS,

WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

SIR,

SEEING you are pleaſed to think fit that theſe papers ſhould come into the publick, which were at firſt deſigned to live only in a deſk, or ſome private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldneſs to commit them to the ſecurity which your name and protection will give them with the moſt knowing part of the world. There are two things eſpecially in which they ſtand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall ſo infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are ſo little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deſerving rather to be the ſubjects of the nobleſt pens and divine fancies, than of ſuch ſmall beginners and weak eſſayers in poetry as myſelf. Againſt theſe dangerous prejudices, there remains no other ſhield, than the univerſal eſteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the

account of the relation you had to this great perſon, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particularly by reaſon of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myſelf to your ſervice: for having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my ſtudies and fortune, having been moulded as it were by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would not only be injuſtice, but ſacrilege: ſo that if there be any thing here tolerably ſaid, which deſerves pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your moſt devoted,

and obliged ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

THE

POEMS

OF

BISHOP SPRAT.

TO THE

HAPPY MEMORY OF THE LATE

LORD PROTECTOR.

I.

'TIS true, great name, thou art ſecure
From the forgetfulneſs and rage
Of death, or envy, or devouring age;
Thou canſt the force and teeth of time endure:
Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itſelf turn whiter too,
Without what needleſs art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearſe,
Though it were never heard or ſung in verſe.
Without our help thy memory is ſafe;
They only want an epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an inſcription,
Remember'd only on the braſs, or marble-ſtone.

'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our roſes and perfumes
Will but officious folly ſhow,
And pious nothings to ſuch mighty tombs.
All our incenſe, gums and balm,
Are but unneceſſary duties here:
The poets may their ſpices ſpare,
Their coſtly numbers, and their tuneful feet:
That need not be embalm'd, which of itſelf is ſweet.

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our obedience and our love:
(For when the ſun and fire meet,
The one's extinguiſh'd quite:)
And yet the other never is more bright.)
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble names with thine;
Their weaker ſparks with thy illuſtrious light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought.
We know, bleſs'd ſpirit, thy mighty name
Wants no addition of another's beam;
It's for our pens too high, and full of theme:
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them,
Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred urn ſurvive,
Without the food of oil, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our ſongs;
Duty commands our tongues:
Though thou want not our praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;

For so men from religion are not freed,
But from the altars clouds must rise,
Though heaven itself doth nothing need,
And though the gods don't want an earthly sacrifice.

III.

Great life of wonders, whose each year
Full of new miracles did appear!
Whose every month might be
Alone a chronicle, or history!
Others great actions are
But thinly scatter'd here and there;
At best, but all one single star;
But thine the milky-way,
All one continued light, of undistinguish'd day;
They throng'd so close, that nought else could be seen,
Scarce any common sky did come between:
What shall I say, or where begin?
Thou may'st in double shapes be shown
Or in thy arms, or in thy gown;
Like Jove, sometimes with warlike thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful sceptre in his hand;
Or in the field, or on the throne.
In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,
All that thou didst was so refin'd,
So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
So pure, so weighty gold,
That the least grain of it,
If fully spread and beat,
Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy name was publiſh'd, and whilſt yet
Thou only to thyſelf wert great,
Whilſt yet the happy bud
Was not quite ſeen or underſtood,
It then ſure ſigns of future greatneſs ſhew'd:
Then thy domeſtic worth
Did tell the world what it would be,
When it ſhould fit occaſion ſee,
When a full ſpring ſhould call it forth:
As bodies in the dark and night
Have the ſame colours, the ſame red and white,
As in the open day and light;
The ſun doth only ſhew
That they are bright, not make them ſo.
So whilſt but private walls did know
What we to ſuch a mighty mind ſhould owe,
Then the ſame virtues did appear,
Though in a leſs and more contracted ſphere,
As full, though not as large as ſince they were:
And like great rivers' fountains, though
At firſt ſo deep thou didſt not go:
Though then thine was not ſo enlarg'd a flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
Thy ſceptre's not thy father's, but thy own:

Thy purple was not made at once in haſte,
But after many other colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt princely dye at laſt.
Thou didſt begin with leſſer cares,
And private thoughts took up thy private years:
Thoſe hands which were ordain'd by fates
To change the world and alter ſtates,
Practis'd at firſt that vaſt deſign
On meaner things with equal mien.
That ſoul which ſhould ſo many ſceptres ſway,
To whom ſo many kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a domeſtic way:
So government itſelf began
From family, and ſingle man,
Was by the ſmall relation firſt
Of huſband and of father nurs'd,
And from thoſe leſs beginnings paſt,
To ſpread itſelf o'er all the world at laſt.

VI.

But when thy country (then almoſt enthrall'd)
Thy virtue and thy courage call'd;
When England did thy arms entreat,
And 't had been ſin in thee not to be great:
When every ſtream, and every flood,
Was a true vein of earth, and run with blood:
When unus'd arms, and unknown war,
Fill'd every place, and every ear;
When the great ſtorms and diſmal night
Did all the land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our light.

Thou left'ſt thy more delightful peace,
Thy private life and better eaſe;
Then down thy ſteel and armour took,
Wiſhing that it ſtill hung upon the hook:
When death had got a large commiſſion out,
Throwing the arrows and her ſting about;
Then thou (as once the healing ſerpent roſe)
Waſt lifted up, not for thyſelf but us.

VII.

Thy country wounded was, and ſick, before
Thy wars and arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the diſeaſe did lie,
And like the cure of ſympathy,
The ſtrong and certain remedy
Unto the weapon didſt apply;
Thou didſt not draw the ſword, and ſo
Away the ſcabbard throw,
As if thy country ſhou'd
Be the inheritance of Mars and blood:
But that, when the great work was ſpun,
War in itſelf ſhould be undone:
That peace might land again upon the ſhore,
Richer and better than before:
The huſbandmen no ſteel ſhall know,
None but the uſeful iron of the plow;
That bays might creep on every ſpear:
And though our ſky was overſpread
With a deſtructive red,
'Twas but till thou our ſun didſt in full light appear.

VIII.

When Ajax dy'd, the purple blood,
That from his gaping wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into letter, every leaf
Had on it wrote his epitaph:
So from that crimſon flood,
Which thou by fate of times wert led
Unwillingly to ſhed,
Letters and learning roſe, and arts renew'd:
Thou fought'ſt, not out of envy, hope, or hate,
But to refine the church and ſtate;
And like the Romans, whate'er thou
In the field of Mars didſt mow,
Was, that a holy iſland hence might grow.
Thy wars, as rivers raiſed by a ſhower,
Which welcome clouds do pour,
Though they at firſt may ſeem
To carry all away with an enraged ſtream;
Yet did not happen that they might deſtroy,
Or the better parts annoy:
But all the filth and mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another ſlime,
To give a birth to a more happy power.

IX.

In fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in battles and in arms excel;
That ſteely arms themſelves might be
Worn out in war as ſoon as thee;
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd fate;

As if uncertain victory
Had been firſt o'ercome by thee;
As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,
Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve,
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumph'dſt thyſelf, and mad'ſt them triumph too;
Though they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher ſphere:
Thou, the great Sun, gav'ſt light to every ſtar:
Thyſelf an army wert alone,
And mighty troops contain'd in one.
Thy only ſword did guard the land,
Like that which, flaming in the angel's hand,
From men God's garden did defend;
But yet thy ſword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this land a paradiſe.

X.

Thou fought'ſt not to be high or great,
Nor for a ſceptre or a crown,
Or ermin, purple, or the throne;
But as the veſtal heat,
Thy fire was kindled from above alone:
Religion putting on thy ſhield
Brought thee victorious to the field.
Thy arms, like thoſe which ancient heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didſt adore:
And all the ſwords thy armies had,
Were on an heavenly anvil made;

Not intereſt, or any weak deſire
Of rule or empire, did thy mind inſpire:
Thy valour like the holy fire,
Which did before the Perſian armies go,
Liv'd in the camp, and yet was ſacred too:
Thy mighty ſword anticipates
What was deſerv'd by heaven and thoſe bleſt ſeats,
And makes the church triumphant here below.

XI.

Though fortune did hang on thy ſword,
And did obey thy mighty word;
Though fortune, for thy ſide and thee,
Forgot her lov'd inconſtancy:
Amidſt thy arms and trophies thou
Were valiant and gentle too;
Wound'ſt thyſelf, when thou didſt kill thy foe.
Like ſteel, when it much work has paſt,
That which was rough does ſhine at laſt,
Thy arms by being oftener us'd did ſmoother grow.
Nor did thy battles make thee proud or high,
Thy conqueſt rais'd the ſtate, not thee:
Thou overcam'ſt thyſelf in every victory.
As when the ſun in a directer line
Upon a poliſh'd golden ſhield doth ſhine,
The ſhield reflects unto the ſun again his light:
So when the heavens ſmil'd on thee in fight;
When thy propitious God had lent
Succeſs and victory to thy tent;
To heaven again the victory was ſent.

XII.

England, till thou didſt come,
Confin'd her valour home;
Then our own rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our fame as well as land,
And were to us as well
As to our enemies unpaſſable:
We were aſham'd at what we read,
And bluſh'd at what our fathers did,
Becauſe we came ſo far behind the dead.
The Britiſh lion hung his mane, and droop'd,
To ſlavery and burden ſtoop'd,
With a degenerate ſleep and fear
Lay in his den, and languiſh'd there;
At whoſe leaſt voice before,
A trembling echo ran through every ſhore,
And ſhook the world at every roar:
Thou his ſubdued courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his claws, and from his eyes
Mad'ſt the ſame dreadful lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring floods,
His mighty thunder ſounds through all the woods:
Thou haſt our military fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt, or clouded ſeem'd:
Nay, more, heaven did by thee beſtow
On us, at once an iron age and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'ſt, that azure chain of waves,
Which nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every pirate ſlaves,
Was rather burden than an ornament;

Thoſe fields of ſea, that waſh'd our ſhores,
Were plow'd and reap'd by other hands than ours:
To us the liquid maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As it is to the ſun,
Only a bed to ſleep on was:
And not as now a powerful throne,
To ſhake and ſway the world thereon.
Our princes in their hand a globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of earth and water too.
But thy commands the floods obey'd,
Thou all the wilderneſs of water ſway'd:
Thou didſt not only wed the ſea,
Not make her equal, but a ſlave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy ſtroke:
He that ruled all the main,
Acknowledg'd thee his ſovereign:
And now the conquer'd ſea doth pay
More tribute to thy Thames than that unto the ſea.

XIV.

Till now our valour did ourſelves more hurt;
Our wounds to other nations were a ſport;
And as the earth, our land produc'd
Iron and ſteel, which ſhould to tear ourſelves be us'd:
Our ſtrength within itſelf did break,
Like thundering cannons crack,
And kill'd thoſe that were near,
While th' enemies ſecure and untouch'd were.

But now our trumpets thou haſt made to ſound
Againſt their enemies walls in foreign ground;
And yet no echo back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful iſle,
And all the world the while
Is exerciſing arms and wars
With foreign or inteſtine jars.
The torch extinguiſh'd here, we lent to others oil.
We give to all, yet know ourſelves no fear;
We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
Where'er we pleaſe our ſwords t'unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate regions breathe:
Like to the ſun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every corner of the world;
Whoſe flame through all the air doth go,
And yet the ſun himſelf the while no fire does know.

XV.

Beſides, the glories of thy peace
Are not in number nor in value leſs.
Thy hand did cure, and cloſe the ſcars
Of our bloody civil wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
Made us again as healthy and as ſound:
When now the ſhip was well nigh loſt,
After the ſtorm upon the coaſt,
By its mariners endanger'd moſt;
When they their ropes and helms had left,
When the planks aſunder cleft,

And floods came roaring in with mighty ſound,
Thou a ſafe land and harbour for us found,
And ſaved'ſt thoſe that would themſelves have drown'd;
A work which none but heaven and thou could do,
Thou mad'ſt us happy whether we would or no:
Thy judgment, mercy, temperance ſo great,
As if thoſe virtues only in thy mind had ſeat:
Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
When heaven ſeem'd to be wanted leaſt;
Thy temples not like Janus only were
Open in time of war,
When thou hadſt greater cauſe to fear:
Religion and the awe of heaven poſſeſt
All places and all times alike thy breaſt.

XVI.

Nor didſt thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beſide;
Our after-times and late poſterity
Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When fate did call thee to a higher throne,
And when thy mortal work was done,
When heaven did ſay it, and thou muſt be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burden choſe,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loſs;
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:

'Tis he shall perfect all thy cares,
And with a finer thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the chosen people from
Their slavery and fears,
Led them through their pathless road;
Guided himself by God,
H'as brought them to the borders; but a second hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd land.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR

(MR. EDWARD HOWARD),

UPON HIS

INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM,

INTITULED

"THE BRITISH PRINCES."

YOUR book our old knight-errants fame revives,
Writ in a style agreeing with their lives.
All rumours strength their prowess did out-go,
All rumours skill your verses far out-do:
To praise the Welsh the world must now combine,
Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
Whose mountain nothing equals but your wit.

Bonduca, were ſhe ſuch as here we ſee
(In Britiſh paint), none could more dreadful be:
With naked armies ſhe encounter'd Rome,
Whoſe ſtrength with naked nature you o'ercome.
Nor let ſmall critics blame this mighty queen,
That in king Arthur's time ſhe here is ſeen:
You that can make immortal by your ſong,
May well one life four hundred years prolong.
Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
The ſettled courſe of time and years to move,
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things elſe you borrow help from none:
No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
Their fables and examples you forſake.
With true heroic glory you diſplay
A ſubject new, writ in the neweſt way.

Go forth, great author, for the world's delight;
Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write;
They talk ſtrange things that ancient poets did,
How trees and ſtones they into buildings lead:
For poems to raiſe cities, now, 'tis hard,
But yours, at leaſt, will build half Paul's churchyard.

ON

HIS MISTRESS DROWN'D.

SWEET ſtream, that doſt with equal pace
Both thyſelf fly and thyſelf chace,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And liſten to my woe.

Then go and tell the ſea that all its brine
Is freſh, compar'd to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
I' th' glory of her bud
Has paſs'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only ſtroke triumphs above
The greateſt power of love:
Alas, alas! I muſt give o'er,
My ſighs will let me add no more.
Go on, ſweet ſtream, and henceforth reſt
No more than does my troubled breaſt;
And if my ſad complaints have made thee ſtay,
Theſe tears, theſe tears, ſhall mend thy way.

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

WHICH HAPPENED

IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

FIRST DESCRIBED IN GREEK BY THUCYDIDES;

THEN IN LATIN BY LUCRETIUS.

TO

MY WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

DR. WALTER POPE,

LATE PROCTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SIR,

I KNOW not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which nature sometimes cherishes and allows monsters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolished copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will see how much a noble subject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reason Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn

but by ſome celebrated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides ſo well and ſo livelily expreſſes it, that I know not which is more a poem, his deſcription or that of Lucretius. Though it muſt be ſaid, that the hiſtorian had a vaſt advantage over the poet; he, having been preſent on the place, and aſſaulted by the diſeaſe himſelf, had the horror familiar to his eyes, and all the ſhapes of the miſery ſtill remaining on his mind, which muſt needs make a great impreſſion on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow his footſteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I ſpeak, becauſe it may in ſome meaſure too excuſe my own defects: for being ſo far removed from the place whereon the diſeaſe acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the circumſtances, cuſtoms of the country, and other ſmall things which would be of great uſe to any one who did intend to be perfect on the ſubject; beſides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet ſaw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of the painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thruſt himſelf into the midſt of a fight, that he might the better delineate it). Having, I ſay, all theſe diſadvantages, and many more for which I muſt only blame myſelf, it cannot be expected that I ſhould come near equaling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldening me to this raſh attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and

Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the compariſon, but that the inequality ſhould reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reaſon to fear the juſt indignation of that excellent perſon (the preſent ornament and honour of our nation) whoſe way of writing I imitate: for he may think himſelf as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the ſacred and unimitable noiſe of thunder, by the ſound of braſs and horſes hoofs. I ſhall only ſay for myſelf, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propoſe the nobleſt pattern to our thoughts; for ſo we may be ſure to be raiſed above the common level, though we come infinitely ſhort of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himſelf; for it was not any fault in the excellent muſician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by ſtraining its throat to follow his notes, deſtroyed itſelf in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have choſen rather to expoſe myſelf than to be diſobedient, you may gueſs with what zeal and hazard I ſtrive to approve myſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt humble and

affectionate ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES, Lib. II.

AS IT IS EXCELLENTLY TRANSLATED BY MR. HOBBES.

IN the very beginning of ſummer, the Peloponneſians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the ſon of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedæmon: and after they had encamped themſelves, waſted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague firſt began amongſt the Athenians, ſaid alſo to have ſeized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elſewhere; but ſo great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before. For at firſt neither were the phyſicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died faſteſt themſelves, as being the men that moſt approached the ſick, nor any other art of man availed whatſoever. All ſupplications to the gods, and enquiries of oracles, and whatſoever other means they uſed of that kind, proved all unprofitable, inſomuch as, ſubdued with the greatneſs of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) firſt in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Africk, and into the greateſt part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a ſudden, and touched firſt upon thoſe that dwelt in Pyræus, inſomuch as they reported that the Peloponneſians had caſt poiſon into their wells; for ſprings there were not any in that place. But after-

wards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faſter. Now let every man, phyſician or other, concerning the ground of this ſickneſs, whence it ſprung, and what cauſes he thinks able to produce ſo great an alteration, ſpeak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only ſuch things as one may take his mark by to diſcover the ſame if it come again, having been both ſick of it myſelf, and ſeen others ſick of the ſame. This year, by confeſſion of all men, was of all other, for other diſeaſes, moſt free and healthful. If any man were ſick before, his diſeaſe turned to this; if not, yet ſuddenly, without any apparent cauſe preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken firſt with an extreme ache in their heads, redneſs and inflammation in the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew preſently bloody, and their breath noiſome and unſavoury. Upon this followed a ſneezing and hoarſeneſs, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breaſt. And when once it was ſettled in the ſtomach, it cauſed vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that phyſicians ever named. Moſt of them had alſo the hickyexe, which brought with it a ſtrong convulſion, and in ſome ceaſed quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddiſh, livid, and beflowered with little pimples and whelks; but ſo burned inwardly, as

not to endure any the lighteſt cloaths or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedneſs, but rather moſt willingly to have caſt themſelves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, poſſeſſed with inſatiate thirſt, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being ſtill from eaſe and power to ſleep as far as ever.

As long as the diſeaſe was at the height, their bodies waſted not, but reſiſted the torment beyond all expectation, inſomuch as the moſt of them either died of their inward burning in nine or ſeven days, whilſt they had yet ſtrength; or if they eſcaped that, then, the diſeaſe falling down in their bellies, and cauſing there great exulcerations and immoderate looſeneſs, they died many of them afterwards through weakneſs: for the diſeaſe (which firſt took the head) began above, and came down, and paſſed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worſt of it was yet marked with the loſs of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many with the loſs of theſe eſcaped. There were alſo ſome that loſt their eyes, and many that preſently upon their recovery were taken with ſuch an oblivion of all things whatſoever, as they neither knew themſelves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of ſickneſs which far ſurmounted all expreſſion of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared alſo otherwiſe to be none of thoſe diſeaſes that are

bred among us, and that especially by this: for all, both birds and beasts, that use to feed on human flesh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting, perished. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifest defect of such fowl, which were not then seen, either about the carcases, or any where else; but by the dogs, because they are familiar with men, this effect was seen much clearer. So that this disease (to pass over many strange particulars of the accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn; and for other usual sicknesses at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, some for want of attendance, and some again with all the care and physic that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain medicine, that applied must have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of body for strength or weakness that was able to resist it; but carried all away, what physic soever was administered. But the greatest misery of all was, the defection of mind, in such as found themselves beginning to be sick (for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without making any resistance); as also their dying thus like sheep, infected by mutual visitation: for if men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest men: for out

of ſhame they would not ſpare themſelves, but went in unto their friends, eſpecially after it was come to that paſs, that even their domeſtics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatneſs of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But thoſe that were recovered, had much compaſſion both on them that died, and on them that lay ſick, as having both known the miſery themſelves, and now no more ſubject to the like danger; for this diſeaſe never took a man the ſecond time ſo as to be mortal. And theſe men were both by others counted happy; and they alſo themſelves, through exceſs of preſent joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other ſickneſs hereafter. Beſides the preſent affliction, the reception of the country people and of their ſubſtance into the city, oppreſſed both them, and much more the people themſelves that ſo came in: for, having no houſes, but dwelling at that time of the year in ſtifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the ſtreets, and men half dead about every conduit through deſire of water. The temples alſo where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppreſſed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careleſs, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly uſed touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things neceſſary, after ſo many deaths be-

fore, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends. For when one had made a funeral pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and, having caſt thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiouſneſs, which alſo in other kinds was uſed in the city, began at firſt from this diſeaſe. For that which a man before would diſſemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuouſneſs, he durſt now do freely, ſeeing before his eyes ſuch quick revolution, of the rich dying and men worth nothing inheriting their eſtates; inſomuch as they juſtified a ſpeedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleaſure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, becauſe they thought it uncertain whether they ſhould die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleaſure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, becauſe they concluded it was alike to worſhip or not worſhip, from ſeeing that alike they all periſhed: nor the latter, becauſe no man expected that his life would laſt till he received puniſhment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads ſome far greater judgment decreed againſt them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy ſome little part of their lives.

THE
PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

UNHAPPY man! by nature made to ſway,
And yet is every creature's prey,
Deſtroy'd by thoſe that ſhould his power obey.
Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
Flattering ourſelves with mighty words;
Of all things we the monarchs are,
And ſo we rule, and ſo we domineer;
All creatures elſe about us ſtand
Like ſome prætorian band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they ſometimes prove enemies,
Sometimes againſt us riſe;
Our very guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thouſand diſeaſes ſent by fate
(Unhappy ſervants!) on us wait;
A thouſand treacheries within
Are laid, weak life to win;
Huge troops of maladies without
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
Some formal ſieges make,
And with ſure ſlowneſs do our bodies take;
Some with quick violence ſtorm the town,
And throw all in a moment down:
Some one peculiar fort aſſail,
Some by general attempts prevail.

Small herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And ſmall is the aſſiſtance they can give:
How can the fading offspring of the field
Sure health and ſuccour yield?
What ſtrong and certain remedy,
What firm and laſting life can ours be,
When that which makes us live doth every winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within ourſelves the fatal ſeed
Of change, and of decreaſe in every part,
Head, belly, ſtomach, and root of life, the heart;
Not only have our autumn, when we muſt
Of our own nature turn to duſt,
When leaves and fruit muſt fall;
But are expos'd to mighty tempeſts too,
Which do at once what they would ſlowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
From ruin we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of ſtuff
Mouldering and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and deſtructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from ſea, from air,
We like the Roman empire ſhall decay.
And our own force would melt away
By the inteſtine jar
Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæſars and the Pompeys which within we bear:

Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the Gothiſh and the barbarous rage
Of plague or peſtilence attends man's age,
Which neither force nor arts aſſwage;
Which cannot be avoided or withſtood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the ſouthern ſands,
The unfrequented coaſts, and parched lands,
Whither the ſun too kind a heat doth ſend,
(The ſun, which the worſt neighbour is, and the beſt friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
With dreadful frowns, the heavens ſcatter'd here
Cruel infectious heats into the air:
Now all the ſtores of poiſon ſent,
Threatening at once a general doom,
Laviſh'd out all their hate, and meant
In future ages to be innocent,
Not to diſturb the world for many years to come.
Hold, heavens! hold; why ſhould your ſacred fire,
Which doth to all things life inſpire,
By whoſe kind beams you bring
Forth yearly every thing,
Which doth th' original ſeed
Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
With vital heat and quickening feed;

Why ſhould you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why ſhould it now deſtroy?

IV.

Thoſe Africk deſarts ſtraight were double deſarts grown,
The ravenous beaſts were left alone,
The ravenous beaſts then firſt began
To pity their old enemy man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would themſelves have done.
Nor ſtaid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues preſently forſake
The wilderneſs which they themſelves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and freſh forage find:
The loaded wind went ſwiftly on,
And as it paſs'd, was heard to ſigh and groan.
On Egypt next it ſeiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the ſouth did look,
And wonder'd thence ſhould come th'unhappy ſtroke,
From whence before her fruitfulneſs ſhe took.
Egypt did now curſe and revile
Thoſe very lands from whence ſhe has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
Another Angel's hand, a ſecond Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the ſacred land
Its angry forces did command;
But God did place an angel there
Its violence to withſtand,
And turn into another road the putrid air.
To Tyre it came, and there did all devour;
Though that by ſeas might think itſelf ſecure.
Nor ſtaid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and ſtopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the ſhore divide,
But paſs'd the waters, and did all poſſeſs,
And quickly all was wilderneſs.
Thence it did Perſia over-run,
And all that ſacrifice unto the ſun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with ſecret coals they melt;
The Perſians call'd their ſun in vain,
Their God increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their God no more,
But curſe the beams they worſhipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruin of the eaſt,
She took her wings, and down to Athens paſs'd:
Juſt Plague! which doſt no parties take.
But Greece as well as Perſia ſack,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other ſlay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'ſt both away.

Thither it came, and did deſtroy the town,
Whilſt all its ſhips and ſoldiers looked on;
And now the Aſian plague did more
Than all the Aſian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army ſate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for Fate.
They ſaw the city open lay,
An eaſy and a bootleſs prey;
They ſaw the rampires empty ſtand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or ſlaughters now,
The plague had finiſh'd what they came to do;
They might now unreſiſted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itſelf to them was wall and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudeſt work of nature and of art:
Learning and ſtrength did thee compoſe,
As ſoul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for fates t'invade;
Thoſe mighty numbers that within thee breathe
Do only ſerve to make a fatter feaſt for death.
Death in the moſt frequented places lives;
Moſt tribute from the crowd receives:

And though it bears a ſcythe, and ſeems to own
A ruſtic life alone,
It loves no wilderneſs,
No ſcatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult, and the town.
What ſtrange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that reſiſt it doth increaſe!
When other conquerors are
Oblig'd to make a ſlower war,
Nay ſometimes for themſelves may fear,
And muſt proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This ſtronger ſtill, and more ſucceſsful grows,
Down ſooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppoſe.

VIII.

The tyrant firſt the haven did ſubdue;
Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
Themſelves by wooden walls did ſave,
And therefore firſt to them th'infection gave,
Leſt they new ſuccour thence receive.
Cruel Pyræus! now thou haſt undone
The honour thou before hadſt won;
Not all thy merchandize,
Thy wealth, thy treaſuries,
Which from all coaſts thy fleet ſupplies,
Can to atone this crime ſuffice.
Next o'er the upper town it ſpread,
With mad and undiſcerning ſpeed;

In every corner, every ſtreet,
Without a guide did ſet its feet,
And too familiar every houſe did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Theſeus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When firſt in walls he did thee cloſe,
When firſt he did thy citizens reduce,
Houſes and government, and laws to uſe.
It had been better if thy people ſtill
Diſperſed in ſome field or hill,
Though ſavage and undiſciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be ſubdu'd,
To be by their own ſwarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be deſtroy'd.

IX.

Minerva ſtarted when ſhe heard the noiſe,
And dying men's confuſed voice.
From heaven in haſte ſhe came, to ſee
What was the mighty prodigy.
Upon the caſtle pinnacles ſhe ſat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midſt ſo many deaths to truſt her very deity.
With pitying look ſhe ſaw at every gate
Death and deſtruction wait;
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th'immortal powers above;
But though a goddeſs now did pray,
The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.

She brought her olive and her ſhield,
Neither of theſe, alas! aſſiſtance yield.
She lookt upon Meduſa's face,
Was angry that ſhe was
Herſelf of an immortal race,
Was angry that her Gorgon's head
Could not ſtrike her as well as others dead:
She ſat and wept a while, and then away ſhe fled.

X.

Now death began her ſword to whet,
Not all the Cyclops ſweat,
Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
Weapons enough for her.
No weapons large enough, but all the age
Men felt the heat within them rage,
And hop'd the air would it aſſwage,
Call'd for its help, but th'air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it ſhould relieve.
The air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal poiſon grow;
The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
Only now ſerv'd to fire each part;
What ſhould refreſh, increas'd the ſmart:
And now their very breath,
The chiefeſt ſign of life, was turn'd the cauſe of death.

XI.

Upon the head firſt the diſeaſe,
As a bold conqueror, doth ſeize,
Begins with man's metropolis,

Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleaſure weaker parts ſubdue.
Blood ſtarted through each eye;
The redneſs of that ſky
Foretold a tempeſt nigh.
The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a lion's when ſome innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarſeneſs and ſores the throat did fill,
And ſtopt the paſſages of ſpeech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Doſt take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breaſt,
There all the ſeats and ſhops of life poſſeſs'd.
Such noiſome ſmells from thence did come,
As if the ſtomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's ſide,
The very meat new poiſons to the plague ſupply'd.
Next, to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what uſurping flame,
What unknown furnace, ſhould
On its more natural heat intrude;
Straight call'd its ſpirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.

The tainted blood its courſe began,
And carried death where'er it ran;
That which before was nature's nobleſt art,
The circulation from the heart,
Was moſt deſtructful now,
And nature ſpeedier did undo,
For that the ſooner did impart
The poiſon and the ſmart,
Th'infectious blood to every diſtant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at laſt its ſhare,
And all the ſubtile labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new monſters bear.
Here ſeven days it rul'd and ſway'd,
And oftner kill'd becauſe it death ſo long delay'd.
But if through ſtrength and heat of age
The body overcame its rage,
The plague departed as the devil doth,
When driven by prayers away he goeth.
If prayers and heaven do him control,
And if he cannot have the ſoul,
Himſelf out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour loſe,
But takes away with him part of the houſe:
So here the vanquiſh'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, ſome part, ſome limb.
Some loſt the uſe of hands and eyes,
Some arms, ſome legs, ſome thighs;
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;

Thoſe various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous ſhapes were fled;
And now the ranſack'd memory
Languiſh'd in naked poverty,
Had loſt its mighty treaſury;
They paſs'd the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever leſſer maladies men had,
They all gave place and vaniſhed;
Thoſe petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror ſhrunk their head.
Fevers, agues, palſies, ſtone,
Gout, colic, and conſumption,
And all the milder generation,
By which mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men ſaw themſelves freed from the pain,
Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worſe and ſooner die.

XV.

Phyſicians now could nought prevail,
They the firſt ſpoils to the proud victor fall;
Nor would the plague their knowledge truſt,
But fear'd their ſkill, and therefore ſlew them firſt:
So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
Firſt make the chiefeſt men to feel the ſtroke,
The chiefeſt and the wiſeſt heads, leſt they

Should ſooneſt diſobey,
Should firſt rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juices power,
None of Apollo's art could cure,
But help'd the plague the ſpeedier to devour.
Phyſic itſelf was a diſeaſe,
Phyſic the fatal tortures did encreaſe,
Preſcriptions did the pains renew,
And Æſculapius to the ſick did come,
As afterwards to Rome,
In form of ſerpent, brought new poiſons with him too.

XVI.

The ſtreams did wonder that, ſo ſoon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some caſt into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank;
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank,
But ſtraight the more were ſcorch'd, the more did burn;
And, drunk with water, in their drinking ſank:
That urn which now to quench their thirſt they uſe,
Shortly their aſhes ſhall incloſe:
Others into the cryſtal brook
With faint and wondering eyes did look,
Saw what a ghaſtly ſhape themſelves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs forſook.
Some ſnatch the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup;

They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning ſtore.
So have I ſeen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden ſeeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But, when the moiſtures it provoke,
Did rage, did ſwell, did ſmoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and ſtraight to aſhes broke.

XVII.

So ſtrong the heat, ſo ſtrong the torments were,
They like ſome mighty burden bear
The lighteſt covering of air.
All ſexes and all ages do invade
The bounds which nature laid,
The laws of modeſty which nature made:
The virgins bluſh not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undreſs'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the diſeaſe did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedneſs once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
No ſleep, no peace, no reſt,
Their wandering and affrighted minds poſſeſs'd;
Upon their ſouls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unuſual ſhapes and images,
Dark pictures and reſemblances

Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their diſtemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curſe, ſometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not ſleep, but waking now was ſiſter unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their fleſh away.
In vain ſhe call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
The vultures afar off did ſee the feaſt,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taſte,
They rally'd up their troops in haſte;
Along came mighty droves,
Forſook their young ones and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his neſt;
They come, but all their carcaſes abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if ſome bolder fowls the fleſh aſſay,
They were deſtroy'd by their own prey.
The dog no longer bark'd at coming gueſt,
Repents its being a domeſtic beaſt,
Did to the woods and mountains haſte:
The very owls at Athens are
But ſeldom ſeen and rare,
The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to ſtay.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcaſes,
The ſtreets, the market-place poſſeſs,
Threatening to raiſe a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother and her child,
The infant ſuck'd as yet and ſmil'd,
But ſtraight by its own food was kill'd.
Their parents hugg'd their children laſt,
Here parting lovers laſt embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here priſoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poiſon'd by the ſcent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themſelves now dead the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear his friend's laſt cries,
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to cloſe his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his ſon heir with an infectious breath;

In the ſame hour the ſon doth take
His father's will and his own make.
The ſervant need not here be ſlain,
To ſerve his maſter in the other world again;
They languiſhing together lie,
Their ſouls away together fly;
The huſband gaſpeth, and his wife lies by,
It muſt be her turn next to die:
The huſband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide,
They muſt without their privilege together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The ſiſters ſcarce ſtood ſtill themſelves to breathe:
The ſiſters now quite wearied
In cutting ſingle thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One ſtroke did give whole houſes dooms:
Now dy'd the froſty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if aſham'd of that,
A conqueſt ſo degenerate,
Cut off the young and luſty too:
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys, they had in ſtore:

But Fate, ere they had finish'd their account, them slew.
The wretched usurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treasures hid;
The merchant did behold
His ships return with spice and gold;
He saw't, and turn'd aside his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidst his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and assemblies cease; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No course of justice did appear,
No noise of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The senate cast away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more resistless sway,
Whilst that with dictatorian power
Doth all the great and lesser officers devour.
No magistrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did shew:
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legislators sit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harsher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading-place they leave,
About the streets they run and rave:

The madneſs which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit
For the advantage of the ſtate,
Now his ſucceſſors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up ſtarts the ſoldier from his bed,
He, though death's ſervant, is not freed,
Death him caſhier'd, 'cauſe now his help ſhe did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himſelf have fled.
He ſnatch'd his ſword now ruſted o'er,
Dreadful and ſparkling now no more,
And thus in open ſtreets did roar;
How have I, Death, ſo ill deſerv'd of thee,
That now thyſelf thou ſhould'ſt revenge on me?
Have I ſo many lives on thee beſtow'd?
Have I the earth ſo often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, ſo many ſlain?
And muſt I now thy prey remain?
Let me at leaſt, if I muſt die,
Meet in the field ſome gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Perſian troops again:
No, they're a baſe and a degenerate train;
They by our women may be ſlain.
Give me, great heavens, ſome manful foes,
Let me my death amidſt ſome valiant Grecians chooſe,
Let me ſurvive to dye at Syracuſe,
Where my dear country ſhall her glory loſe.
For you, great Gods! into my mind infuſe,

What miſeries, what doom,
Muſt on my Athens ſhortly come!
My thoughts inſpir'd preſage
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I die upon that glorious ſtage:
Oh! that! but then he graſp'd his ſword, and death
concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy ſword, O Fate!
Leſt thou repent when 'tis too late,
Leſt, by thy making now ſo great a waſte,
By ſpending all mankind upon one feaſt,
Thou ſtarve thyſelf at laſt:
What men wilt thou reſerve in ſtore,
Whom in the time to come thou may'ſt devour,
When thou ſhalt have deſtroyed all before?
But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy ſtomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou muſt kill,
And if thy jaws are craving ſtill,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coaſts,
The northern wilderneſs and eternal froſts!
Againſt thoſe barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are ſtrangers yet;
Where thou may'ſt kill, and yet the loſs will not be great.
There rage, there ſpread, and there infect the air,
Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worſt againſt thoſe ſavage nations dare,
Thoſe whom mankind can ſpare,
Thoſe whom mankind itſelf doth fear;

Amidſt that dreadful night and fatal cold,
There thou may'ſt walk unſeen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.
Unto the fartheſt ſeas, and nature's ends,
Where never ſummer's ſun its beams extends,
Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing ſweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoice at ſuch a doom,
They'll bleſs thy peſtilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They'll thank the very flames with which they do
conſume.

XXV.

Then if that banquet will not thee ſuffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'ſt tyrannize;
Search every foreſt, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Thoſe wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the reſt of men ſecure,
And that the reſt of men will thank thee for.
Let all thoſe human beaſts be ſlain,
Till ſcarce their memory remain;
Thyſelf with that ignoble ſlaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that blood to ſpill.
Meaſure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean's ſhores about,
Only paſs by and ſpare the Britiſh iſle.

Go on, and (what Columbus once ſhall do
When days and time unto their ripeneſs grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
Attempt thoſe lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beſide:
There thou may'ſt ſteal a victory,
And none of this world hear the cry
Of thoſe that by thy wounds ſhall die;
No Greek ſhall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to poſterity.
Go, and unpeople all thoſe mighty lands,
Deſtroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the Spaniard's ſword prevent,
Go, make the Spaniard innocent;
Go, and root out all mankind there,
That when the European armies ſhall appear
Their ſin may be the leſs,
They may find all a wilderneſs,
And without blood the gold and ſilver there poſſeſs.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou ſhould'ſt full employment want,
(We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
Ranſack Lycurgus' ſtreets throughout,
They 've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud Corinth ſeize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appeaſe.
Let Cyprus feel more fires than thoſe of Love:
Let Delos, which at firſt did give the Sun,
See unknown flames in her begun,

Now let her wiſh ſhe might unconſtant prove,
And from her place might truly move:
Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'ſt in field, or camp, or ſhop:
Make havock there without controul
Of every ignorant and common ſoul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conqueſts ſtop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there eſcape,
Upon Minerva's ſelf commit no rape;
Touch not the ſacred throng,
And let Apollo's prieſts be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and ſtrong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilſt I
Strive to keep off the miſery,
The learned too, as faſt as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All Nature's ſtores againſt this plague ſupply;
And though beſides they ſhunn'd it every where,
They ſearch'd it in their books, and fain would meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient times,
And chiefly thoſe that were made famous by their crimes,

To find if men were puniſh'd ſo before;
But found not the diſeaſe nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now ſurpriz'd,
And all her forces ſeiz'd,
Before ſhe was how to reſiſt adviſ'd.
So when the elephants did firſt affright
The Romans with unuſual ſight,
They many battles loſe,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they underſtood ſuch dreadful troops t'oppoſe.

XXVIII.

Now every different ſect agrees
Againſt their common adverſary, the diſeaſe,
And all their little wranglings ceaſe;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts ſwerve,
No more their ſilence they obſerve,
Out of their ſchools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now deſir'd their metempſychoſis;
Not only to diſpute, but wiſh
That they might turn to beaſts, or fowls, or fiſh.
If the Platonicks had been here,
They would have curs'd their maſter's year,
When all things ſhall be as they were,
When they again the ſame diſeaſe ſhall bear:
All the philoſophers would now,
What the great Stagyrite ſhall do,
Themſelves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The Stoicks felt the deadly ſtroke,
At firſt aſſault their courage was not broke,
They call'd in all the cobweb aid
Of rules and precepts, which in ſtore they had;
They bid their hearts ſtand out,
Bid them be calm and ſtout,
But all the ſtrength of precept will not do't.
They can't the ſtorms of paſſion now aſſwage;
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
The Gods gave no releaſe unto their pain,
The Gods to fear ev'n for themſelves began.
For now the ſick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They ſacrific'd, and died there,
A ſacrifice not ſeen before;
That heaven, only us'd unto the gore
Of lambs or bulls, ſhould now
Loaded with prieſts ſee its own altars too!

XXX.

The woods gave funeral piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror o'erpower.
The noble and the common duſt
Into each other's graves are thruſt.
No place is ſacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to conſume;

Their aſhes no diſtinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghoſts of thoſe great heroes that had fled
From Athens, long ſince baniſhed,
Now o'er the city hovered;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th'immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did them move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite diſmay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the bleſſed ſeats they went,
And now did thank their baniſhment,
By which they were to die in foreign countries ſent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods! was worſt of all,
Hell forth its magazines of luſt did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of ſouls were thither ſent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, ſuch wickedneſs,
Such irreligion did increaſe,
That the few good which did ſurvive
Were angry with the plague for ſuffering them to live:
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though ſure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air ſure to be puniſhed.

Some nor the ſhrines nor temples ſpar'd,
Nor Gods nor Heavens fear'd,
Though ſuch example of their power appear'd.
Virtue was now eſteem'd an empty name,
And Honeſty the fooliſh voice of fame;
For, having paſt thoſe torturing flames before,
They thought the puniſhment already o'er,
Thought heaven no worſe torments had in ſtore;
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

UPON THE POEMS OF THE ENGLISH OVID, ANACREON, PINDAR, AND VIRGIL, ABRAHAM COWLEY, IN IMITATION OF HIS OWN PINDARIC ODES.

I.

LET all this meaner rout of books ſtand by,
The common people of our library;
Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
And be hung up within this ſacred room:
Let no prophane hands break the chain,
Or give them unwiſh'd liberty again.
But let his holy relick be laid here,
With the ſame religious care
As Numa once the target kept,
Which down from heaven leapt;
Juſt ſuch another is this book,
Which its original from divine hands took,
And brings as much good too, to thoſe that on it look.

But yet in this they differ. That could be
Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand;
But this which here doth ſtand
Will never any of its own ſort ſee,
But muſt ſtill live without ſuch company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever ſhall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

II.

Cowley! what God did fill thy breaſt,
And taught thy hand t'indite?
(For God's a poet too,
He doth create, and ſo do you)
Or elſe at leaſt
What angel ſat upon thy pen when thou didſt write?
There he ſat, and mov'd thy hand,
As proud of his command,
As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel,
And ſpins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
Thy hand too, like a better ſphere,
Gives us more raviſhing muſic made for men to hear.
Thy hand too, like the ſun which angels move,
Has the ſame influence from above,
Produces gold and ſilver of a nobler kind;
Of greater price, and more refin'd.
Yet in this it exceeds the ſun, 't has no degenerate race,
Brings forth no lead, nor any thing ſo baſe.

III.

What holy veſtal hearth,
What immortal breath,
Did give ſo pure poetic flame its birth?
Juſt ſuch a fire as thine,
Of ſuch an unmix'd glorious ſhine,
Was Prometheus's flame,
Which from no leſs than heaven came.
Along he brought the ſparkling coal,
From ſome cœleſtial chimney ſtole;
Quickly the plunder'd ſtars he left,
And as he haſten'd down
With the robb'd flames his hands ſtill ſhone,
And ſeem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
Thy poetry's compounded of the ſame,
Such a bright immortal flame;
Juſt ſo temper'd is thy rage,
Thy fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'ſt ſeem to us
A true Prometheus,
But that thou didſt not ſteal the leaſt ſpark of thy fire.

IV.

Such as thine was Arion's verſe,
Which he did to the liſtening fiſh rehearſe;
Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
They firſt curſt nature that ſhe made them mute.
So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
Strive to turn his ſlaves,

Lay down their boiſterous noiſe,
And dance to his harmonious voice,
Which made the Syrens lend their ear,
And from his ſweeter tunes ſome treachery fear;
Which made the dolphin proud,
That he was allow'd
With Atlas, the great porter of the ſkies, to take
Such heavenly muſic up, and carry't on his back.
So full and graceful thy words go,
And with the ſame majeſtic ſweetneſs flow.
Yet his verſe only carried him o'er the ſeas;
But there 's a very ſea of wit in theſe,
As ſalt and boundleſs as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's ſong,
Which brought the wondering ſtones along;
The wondering ſtones ſkipt from their mother earth,
And left their father cold as his firſt birth;
They roſe, and knew not by what magic force they hung.
So were his words, ſo plac'd his ſounds,
Which forc'd the marbles riſe from out their grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them ſhine,
A work which can be outdone by none but thine.
Th' amazed poet ſaw the building riſe,
And knew not how to truſt his eyes:
The willing mortar came, and all the trees
Leap into beams he ſees.
He ſaw the ſtreets appear,
Streets, that muſt needs be harmonious there:

He saw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
The glorious temple shew its head,
He saw the infant city ripe,
And all like the creation by a word was bred.
So great a verse is thine, which though it will not raise
Marble monuments to thy praise;
Yet 'tis no matter, cities they must fall,
And houses, by the greatest glutton Time be eaten all:
But thy verse builds a fame for thee,
Which fire cannot devour, nor purify,
Which sword and thunder doth defy,
As round, and full, as the great circle of eternity.

VI.

To thee the English tongue doth owe,
That it need not seek
For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek;
To thee, that Roman poets now may hide,
In their own Latium, their head:
To thee, that our enlarged speech can shew,
Far more than the three western daughters born
Out of the ashes of the Roman urn:
Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to admit
The adulterate seed of several tongues with it;
More than the smooth Italian, though nature gave
That tongue in poetry a genius to have,
And that she might the better fit it to't,
Made the very land a foot.
More than the Spanish, though that in one mass
The Moorish, Jewish, Gothish treasures has,

And just as in their kingdom, in their tongue,
Most quarters of the earth together throng.
More than the courtly French, though that doth pace,
And not trot o'er the tongue its race:
That has not any thing, so elaborate wit;
Though it by its sliding seems to have more oil in it.
Thy soul hath gone through all the Muses' track;
Where never poets feet were seen before,
Hath pass'd those sands where others left their wrecks,
And sail'd an ocean through, which some thought had
no shore.
Thy spirit has discover'd all poetry;
Thou found'st no tropics in the poet's sky.
More than the sun can do, hast brought a sacred flower
To Mount Parnassus; and hast open'd to our hand
Apollo's holy land,
Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie.
Thou hast sail'd the Muses' globes,
Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndish did, to rob.
Thou hast brought home the treasure too,
Which yet no Spaniard can claim his due:
Thou hast search'd through every creek,
From the East-Indies of the poets' world, the Greek,
To the America of wit,
Which was last known, and has most gold in it.
That mother-tongue which we do speak,
This world thy greater spirit has run through,
And view'd and conquer'd too,
A world as round and large as th' other is,

And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets till now deſerv'd excuſe, not praiſe,
Till now the Muſes liv'd in taverns, and the bays
That they were truly trees did ſhew,
Becauſe by ſucking liquor they did only grow.
Verſes were counted fiction, and a lye
The very nature of good poetry.
He was a poet that could ſpeak leaſt truth:
Sober and grave men ſcorn'd the name,
Which once was thought the greateſt fame.
Poets had nought elſe of Apollo, but his youth:
Few ever ſpake in rhyme, but that their feet
The trencher of ſome liberal man might meet.
Or elſe they did ſome rotten miſtreſs paint,
Call her their goddeſs, or their ſaint.
Though contrary in this they to their maſter run,
For the great god of wit, the ſun,
When he doth ſhew his miſtreſs, the white moon,
He makes her ſpots, as well as beauty, to be ſhewn.
Till now the ſiſters were too old, and therefore grew
Extremely fabulous too:
Till you, Sir, came, they were deſpis'd;
They were all heathens yet,
Nor ever into the church could get;
And though they had a font ſo long, yet never were
baptis'd.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
By bringing in more ſtore of it:
Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
Reign without diſſembling too.
You've ſhewn a poet muſt not needs be bad;
That one may be Apollo's prieſt,
And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad:
Till now, wit was a curſe (as to Lot's wife
'Twas to be turn'd to ſalt)
Becauſe it made men lead a life
Which was nought elſe but one continual fault.
You firſt the Muſes to the Chriſtians brought,
And you then firſt the holy language taught:
In you good poetry and divinity meet,
You are the firſt bird of paradiſe with feet.

IX.

Your Miſcellanies do appear
Juſt ſuch another glorious indigeſted heap
As the firſt maſs was, where
All heavens and ſtars incloſed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great cenſor them beſtow'd,
According to their ranks, in ſeveral tribes abroad;
Whilſt yet ſun and moon
Were in perpetual conjunction:
Whilſt all the ſtars were but one milky way,
And in natural embraces lay.

Whilſt yet none of the lamps of heaven might
Call this their own, and that another's light.
So glorious a lump as thine,
Which chemiſtry may ſeparate, but not refine:
So mixt, ſo pure, ſo united does it ſhine,
A chain of ſand, of which each link is all divine.

X.

Thy Miſtreſs ſhews, that Cupid is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muſe do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.
Such ſongs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtſhip to ſome ſiſter-mind above
(For angels need not ſcorn ſuch ſoft deſires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the ſame fires).
So when they clothe themſelves in fleſh,
And their light in ſome human ſhapes do dreſs
(For which they fetch'd ſtuff from the neighbouring air):
So when they ſtoop, to like ſome mortal fair,
Such words, ſuch odes as thine they uſe,
With ſuch ſoft ſtrains, love into her heart infuſe.
Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;
Clean, and from corruption free,
Such as affections in eternity ſhall be;
Which ſhall remain unſpotted there,
Only to ſhew what once they were:
Thy Cupid's ſhafts all golden are;
Thy Venus has the ſalt, but not the froth o'th'ſea.

XI.

Thy high Pindarics ſoar
So high, where never any wing till now could get;

And yet thy wit
Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.
Thou stand'st on Pindar's back;
And therefore thou a higher flight dost take:
Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
Thou hast brought him from the dust,
And made him live again.
Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it just
To be led by thee to the English shore;
An honour to him: Alexander did no more,
Nor scarce so much, when he did save his house before,
When his word did assuage
A warlike army's violent rage:
Thou hast given to his name,
Than that great conqueror sav'd him from, a brighter flame.
He only left some walls where Pindar's name might stay,
Which with time and age decay:
But thou hast made him once again to live;
Thou didst to him new life and breathing give.
And as in the last resurrection,
Thou hast made him rise more glorious, and put on
More majesty; a greater soul is given to him, by you,
Than ever he in happy Thebes or Greece could shew.

XII.

Thy David too—
But hold thy headlong pace, my Muse;
None but the priest himself doth use
Into the holiest place to go.

Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to ſweat;
'Tis but an infant yet,
And juſt now left the teat,
By Cowley's matchleſs pattern nurſt:
Therefore it is not fit
That it ſhould dare to ſpeak ſo much at firſt.
No more, no more for ſhame.
Let not thy verſe be, as his worth is, infinite:
It is enough that thou haſt learn'd, and ſpoke thy father's name.
He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praiſe you,
Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.

EPIGRAM

ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.

BESTRIDE an ant a Pigmy great and tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;
Under th' unruly beaſt's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
"Behold, baſe, envious world, now, now laugh on,
"For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaëton!"

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THE

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

THE

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY KING CHARLES II.

FAREWEL, great Charles, monarch of bleſt renown,
The beſt good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature as her higheſt pattern wrought,
And mix'd both ſexes virtues in one draught;
Wiſdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's ſweetneſs, temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r, did crown'd with meekneſs ſit;
His awful perſon reverence engag'd,
With mild addreſs and tenderneſs aſſwag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our fear, and win our love.

With wonders born, by miracles preſerv'd,
A heavenly Hoſt the infant's cradle ſerv'd:
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When ſun with ſtars, and day with night agreed.
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd;
Like David, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory, and its ſhame:
They bleſt the iſle where ſuch great ſpirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men, that could ſuch worth expel.
To ſpare our lives, he meekly did defeat
Thoſe Sauls, whom wand'ring aſſes made ſo great;
Waiting till heav'n's election ſhould be ſhown,
And the Almighty ſhould his unction own.
And own he did —— his powerful arm diſplay'd;
And Iſrael, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning nation, the black ſtorms appeas'd,
Did greater bleſſings, than he took, afford;
England itſelf was more, than he, reſtor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by ſtrange ills oppreſs'd,
In various fevers toſt, could find no reſt;
Quite ſpent and weary'd, to his arms ſhe fled,
And reſted on his ſhoulders her fair bending head.

In conqueſts mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice ſhew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endleſs wars, made diſcords ceaſe,
Reſtor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.

A mighty ſeries of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, buſineſs fill'd the port,
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to ſport:
Then learning flouriſh'd, blooming arts did ſpring,
And the glad Muſes prun'd their drooping wing:
Then did our flying towers improvement know,
Who now command as far as winds can blow;
With canvaſs wings round all the globe they fly,
And, built by Charles's art, all ſtorms defy;
To every coaſt with ready ſails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world;
From whoſe diſtractions ſeas do us divide;
Their riches here in floating caſtles ride.
We reap the ſwarthy Indian's ſweat and toil;
Their fruit, without the miſchiefs of their ſoil.
Here in cool ſhades their gold and pearls receive,
Free from the heat which does their luſtre give.
In Perſian ſilks, eat Eaſtern ſpice; ſecure
From burning fluxes, and their calenture:
Under our vines, upon the peaceful ſhore,
We ſee all Europe toſt, hear tempeſts roar:
Rapine, ſword, wars, and famine, rage abroad,
While Charles their hoſt, like Jove from Ida, aw'd;
Us from our foes, and from ourſelves did ſhield,
Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field;
For when bold Faction goodneſs could diſdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a ſtraiter rein:
In the ſtill gentle voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
But could with thunder harden'd rebels break.

Yet though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
Was undiſturb'd, in wrath ſeverely kind;
Tempting his power, and urging to aſſume;
Thus Jove in love did Semele conſume.
As the ſtout oak, when round his trunk the vine
Does in ſoft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears; the winds from far
Summon their noiſy forces to the war:
But though ſo gentle ſeems his outward form,
His hidden ſtrength out-braves the loudeſt ſtorm:
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the field,
Shewing ſtout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
So when the good man made the crowd preſume,
He ſhew'd himſelf, and did the king aſſume:
For goodneſs in exceſs may be a ſin,
Juſtice muſt tame, whom mercy cannot win.
Thus winter fixes the unſtable ſea,
And teaches reſtleſs water conſtancy,
Which under the warm influence of bright days,
The fickle motion of each blaſt obeys.
To bridle factions, ſtop rebellion's courſe,
By eaſy methods, vanquiſh without force;
Relieve the good, bold ſtubborn foes ſubdue,
Mildneſs in wrath, meekneſs in anger ſhew,
Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
While the bright bow ſecures the faithful ſouls.

Such is thy glory, Charles, thy laſting name,
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame;

More noble than the ſpoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to make war ceaſe,
And without fighting, awe the world to peace:
For proudeſt triumphs from contempt ariſe;
The vanquiſh'd firſt the conqueror's arms deſpiſe:
Won enſigns are the gaudy marks of ſcorn,
They brave the victor firſt, and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods: while none
Diſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the ſavage hoſt,
May boldneſs, ſtrength, and daring conqueſt boaſt;
But the ſweet paſſions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human-kind;
The god-like image, on our clay impreſt,
The darling attribute which heaven loves beſt:
In Charles ſo good a man and king, we ſee
A double image of the deity.
Oh! had he more reſembled it! Oh, why
Was he not ſtill more like, and could not die?
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our bleſſing frame!
In Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleaſing emblem of his reign does glide:
Thames the ſupport and glory of our iſle,
Richer than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile:
Though no rich ſand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;
Leſs wealth his boſom holds, leſs guilty ſtores,
For he exhauſts himſelf, t'enrich the ſhores.

Mild and ſerene the peaceful current flows,
No angry foam, no raging ſurges knows;
No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
His cryſtal ſtream unſtain'd by widows tear,
His channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary inundations ſweep
The ploughman's hopes, and life into the deep;
His even waters the old limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling waves decay,
For ever, lovely ſtream, for ever ſtay!
To the black ſea his ſilent courſe does bend,
Where the beſt ſtreams, the longeſt rivers, end.
His ſpotleſs waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee, how clear, how bounteous, ſweet, he was.
No difference now, though late ſo much, is ſeen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
But, lo! the joyful tide our hopes reſtores,
And dancing waves extend the wid'ning ſhores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

O D E

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

I.

WHILST black deſigns (that direful work of Fate)
Diſtract the labouring ſtate;
Whilſt (like the ſea) around loud diſcords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted ſhore;
And England does like brave Vienna ſtand,
Beſieg'd by Infidels on either hand;
What means this peaceful train, this pompous ſight?
What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once aſtoniſh and delight;
Great Charles, and his illuſtrious brother here,
No bold aſſaſſinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this ſcene appear
To us, who might too juſtly fear
We never ſhould have ſeen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain!
Ne'er in their chearful garb t'have ſeen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild diſhevel'd hair,

Had mourn'd their brothers, ſons, and huſbands ſlain.
Theſe duſky ſhadows make this ſcene more bright;
The horror adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our ſpirits chears; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happineſs commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a ſtorm prepare,
And their black force aſſociate in the air;
(Endeavouring to eclipſe the bounteous light,
Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,
Them to that envy'd height
From their mean native earth did raiſe)
A thoughtful ſadneſs ſits on all,
Expecting where the full-charg'd clouds will fall:
But if the heavenly bow
Deck'd like a gaudy bride appears,
And all her various robes diſplays,
Painted by th' conquering ſun's triumphant rays,
It mortals drooping ſpirits chears;
Freſh joy, new light, each viſage wears:
Again the ſeaman truſts the main,
The jocund ſwains their coverts leave again;
Again, in pleaſant warbling notes,
The chearful poets of the wood extend their tuneful throats.

IV.

Then, then, my Muſe, raiſe with the lyre thy voice,
And with thy lays make fields and woods rejoice:

For, lo! the heavenly pledge appears,
And in bright characters the promise bears:
The factious deluge shall prevail no more;
In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
Buffet in vain the unmov'd shore,
Her charms, and Charles's power, their fury shall asswage.
See! see! how decently the bashful bride
Does bear her conquest; with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire shake;
Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
The frighted Roman Eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his desire,
His cannons did command in fire:
Now he himself for pity prays,
His love in timorous sighs he breathes,
While all his spoils, and glorious wreaths
Of laurel, at her feet the vanquish'd warrior lays.
Great prince! by that submission you 'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunsden's famous plain;
Where, when your brother, fired with success,
Too daringly upon the foe did press,
And was a captive made, then you alone
Did with your single arm support the throne:

Your gen'rous breaſt, with fury boiling o'er,
Like lightning through their ſcatter'd troops you flew,
And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph bore.

VI.

You have your anceſtors in this one act out-done,
Though their ſucceſsful arms did this whole iſle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a raviſh'd lady, came,
You, to enjoy one ſpotleſs as your fame:
Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their curſes as they flew;
On the bleak ſhore, expecting you, they ſtand,
And with glad ſhouts conduct to land:
Through gaping crowds you're forc'd to preſs your way,
While virgins ſigh, the young men ſhout, and old ones pray.
And with this beauteous lady you may gain
(This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne)
Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
By a calm and even fate,
That empire, which they did ſo ſhort a while maintain.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

I.

HINC, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles,
Nam cor potenti numine gaudium
Afflavit, exultanſque pectus
Corripuit meliore flammâ.
Taleſque cantus fundere geſtio,
Iſmene, quales auribus hauſeras
Utriſque, quandò Dithyrambis
Pindarus incaluit ſolutis.
Dum neſcit æquo flumine gaudium
Prolabi, et arctis limitibus, vagè
Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorſum,
Vorticibus furit inquietis.
Adſis, triumphos dum canimus tuos,
Adſis, Cupido, illabere pectori:
Dum perſonamus te, decoris
Carminibus, bona Cypris, adſis.
Cypron beatam ſperne volatilis,
Huc, huc Amorum ſepta cohortibus,
Molire greſſus, ad Britannos
Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.

* From the "Hymenæus Catabrigienſis. Cantabrigiæ, "1683."——See the preceding poem by Mr. Montagu, in Engliſh, on the ſame occaſion. This Latin Ode (or rather MEDLEY) is much better than his Engliſh piece. KYNASTON.

Fallor? an ex lævâ Convexi parte ſereni
Diva vocata venit?
Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
Tranat inane rotis.
Fronde comas, auroque premit pulcherrima, Martem
Qualis adire ſolet.
Gaudia, Blanditias, hilari vultuque renidens
Spargit ubique Jocos.
Laſcivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
Idaliuſque puer.
Adventu diſperſa Deæ ſunt nubila, venti
Nec fremuêre minis.
Dum Nymphas una ante alias formoſior omnes,
Dignaque cura Deæ,
Sic pæana canit, cœlum et modulamine complet
Vox ſociata lyræ:

" Egregiam laudem, Venus, et ſpolia ampla refertis
Tuque, Puerque tuus; ſi Virgo Britannica victa
Agnoſcat numen (mentem jam ſaucia) veſtrum.
Si votis, ſi ſæva ullis inſueta moveri,
Aut precibus præbere ſuas tractabilis aures,
Illum jam ſentit, quem non miſerata furorem eſt.
Fervidus et Daniæ Princeps, cui prælia curæ,
(Deteſtata Tibi) pictis et ſplendor in armis,
Qui nec militiam veſtram, nec caſtra, Cupido,
Novit, ſed flammas et inania ſpicula riſit,
Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
Jam Venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
Extendit palmas ad numina læſa rebelles.

Jam non bella placent, et lituo lyram
Præfert, atque caput Itali caſſide ferreâ
Urgeri ſolitum, divitis Itali
Unguentum redolens, ſuæ

Reclinat gremio Conjugis ; immemor
Somni, dumque vagis luminibus Deam
Perluſtrat, roſeis oſcula quæ labris
Libavit ſitiens bibit,

Deponitque gravi militiâ latus
Defeſſum in thalamo lætus amabili :
Hâc mercede juvant vulnera, ſic caput
Objeciſſe periculis.

Plaudit, Dione, læta Britannia,
Olim cruentum nec meminit mare,
Fuſosve Cives indecorè, aut
Regna Dano populata forti ;

Hæc dum renidens vindicat omnia
Pulchris ocellis Anna, Georgium
Ducenſque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur triumphans.

Tuiſque ſurgit laudibus Haffnia,
Volvendo retrò ſecula præcinens,
Cum Cimber Anglo junctus omni
Det trepido ſua jura Mundo.

Iö Dione! Suecia jam canit,
Pulſos colonos dum neque fulgidis
Deterret armis, nec tremendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu,

Vos, Par beatum, ter, ter et ampliùs,
Vos obligatam ferte Deæ dapem,
Semperque amantes Hanc benignam
Perpetuo celebrate plauſu!"

CAROLUS MONTAGU, *Generoſus, et A. M. Trin. Coll.*

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

OCCASIONED BY

A POSTSCRIPT OF PENN'S LETTER.

NOT all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleaſure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of ſtate,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even paſſions, and with ſettled face,
He would remove the harlot's falſe embrace.

Though all the ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That church-magicians in their cells adviſe,
And from their ſettled baſis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.

For this, brave Shrewſbury and Lumley's name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the liſt of fame;
Who firſt with ſteady minds the current broke,
And to the ſuppliant monarch boldly ſpoke;

" Great Sir, renown'd for conſtancy, how juſt
" Have we obey'd the crown, and ſerv'd our truſt,
" Eſpous'd your cauſe and intereſt in diſtreſs,
" Yourſelf muſt witneſs, and our foes confeſs!
" Permit us then ill fortune to accuſe,
" That you at laſt unhappy councils uſe,
" And aſk the only thing we muſt refuſe.
" Our lives and fortunes freely we'll expoſe,
" Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe;
" Honour, that ſpark of the celeſtial fire,
" That above nature makes mankind aſpire;
" Ennobles the rude paſſions of our frame
" With thirſt of glory, and deſire of fame;
" The richeſt treaſure of a generous breaſt,
" That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt.
" Wit, ſtrength, and courage, are wild dangerous
" force,
" Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their courſe;
" And would you rob us of the nobleſt part?
" Accept a ſacrifice without a heart?
" 'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a throne,
" To take the caſket when the jewel 's gone;
" Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
" And teach the nobles to be falſe and baſe;
" What confidence can you in them repoſe,
" Who, ere they ſerve you, all their value loſe?
" Who once enſlave their conſcience to their luſt,
" Have loſt their reins, and can no more be juſt.
" Of honour, men at firſt like women nice,
" Raiſe maiden ſcruples at unpractis'd vice;

" Their modeſt nature curbs the ſtruggling flame,
" And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with ſhame:
" But once this fence thrown down, when they per-
" ceive
" That they may taſte forbidden fruit and live;
" They ſtop not here their courſe, but ſafely in,
" Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in ſin;
" True to no principles, preſs forward ſtill,
" And only bound by appetite their will:
" Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
" But ſhift with every veering blaſt their ſails.
" Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your power,
" They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
" And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.
" On higher ſprings true men of honour move,
" Free is their ſervice, and unbought their love:
" When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
" With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
" When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
" And ſhook with gathering multitudes the throne,
" Where were the minions then? What arm, what force,
" Could they oppoſe to ſtop the torrent's courſe?
" Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly ſtood,
" Free of their lives, and laviſh of their blood;
" But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
" With the ſame conſtancy they all reſign."

Thus ſpake the youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the Phoſph'rus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid hoſt,
Than any age, or any realm can boaſt:

So great their fame, so numerous their train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame:
Rise, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The storm is past, th'impending tempest fled;
Had Fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
It had not given such sons so brave a race;
When for destruction heaven a realm designs,
The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
These men would prop a sinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their mastery we grant.
But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
With virtue which no dangers can control;
Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
That horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend;
These are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the same in misery and success;
To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
Such are our souls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry priests the scale?
All merit's light when they dispose the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the state,

Defame thoſe heroes who their yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that honeſty they cannot uſe;
The ſtrength and ſafety of the crown deſtroy,
And the king's power againſt himſelf employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of theſe, he muſt become their ſlave.
Men, like our money, come the moſt in play,
For being baſe, and of a coarſe allay.
The richeſt medals, and the pureſt gold,
Of native value, and exacteſt mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private cloſets ſhine,
For vulgar uſe too precious and too fine;
Whilſt tin and copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the buſineſs of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in ſcorn;
So ſhining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty actions fly the ſearching light:
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whoſe raſh misjudging ſenſe
Increaſes the weak meaſures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe dangers which the others ſhun:
Who, ſlow to act, each buſineſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with freedom, and with care obey;
With wiſdom fatal to their intereſt, ſtrive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where prieſts and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looſer rein.

AN EPISTLE

TO

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S VICTORY IN IRELAND, 1690.

WHAT! ſhall the king the nation's genius raiſe,
And make us rival our great Edward's days;
Yet not one Muſe, worthy a conqueror's name,
Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
Oh, Dorſet! you alone this fault can mend,
The Muſes' darling, confident, and friend;
The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
You ſhould be fin'd to furniſh abler wit;
Oblig'd to quit your eaſe, and draw again,
To paint the greateſt hero, the beſt pen.

A hero, who thus early doth out-ſhine
The ancient honours of his glorious line;
And, ſoaring more ſublimely to renown,
The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
Whoſe actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
As types and figures of his greater name.

When Fate ſome mighty genius has deſign'd,
For the relief and wonder of mankind,
Nature takes time to anſwer the intent,
And climbs, by ſlow degrees, the ſteep aſcent:

She toils and labours with the growing weight,
And watches carefully the steps of fate;
Till all the seeds of providence unite,
To set the hero in a happy light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.
In Nassau's race she made this long essay:
Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day;
A public spirit distinguish'd all the line,
Successive virtues in each branch did shine,
Till this last glory rose, and crown'd the great design.
Blest be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
Who durst his native soil, lost Holland, save!
But William's genius takes a wider scope,
And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
Born to subdue insulting tyrants' rage,
The ornament and terror of the age;
The refuge where afflicted nations find
Relief from those oppressors of mankind,
Whom laws restrain not, and no oaths can bind.
Him, their deliverer Europe does confess,
All tongues extol, and all religions bless;
The Po, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
United in his praise, their wonder join;
While, in the public cause, he takes the field,
And shelter'd nations fight behind his shield.
His foes themselves dare not applause refuse:
And shall such actions want a faithful Muse?

Poets have this to boaſt: without their aid,
The freſheſt laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
And virtue to oblivion is betray'd:
The proudeſt honours have a narrow date,
Unleſs they vindicate their names from fate.
But who is equal to ſuſtain the part?
Dryden has numbers, but he wants a heart;
Injoin'd a penance, which is too ſevere
For playing once the fool, to perſevere.
Others, who knew the trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you ſtand alone.
How, Sir, can you, or any Engliſh Muſe,
Our country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuſe?
'Tis not my want of gratitude, but ſkill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
I cannot ſing of conqueſts as I ought,
And my breath fails to ſwell a lofty note.
I know my compaſs, and my Muſe's ſize,
She loves to ſport and play, but dares not riſe:
Idly affects, in this familiar way,
In eaſy numbers looſely to convey,
What mutual friendſhip would at diſtance ſay.
Poets aſſume another tone and voice,
When victory 's their theme, and arms their choice.
To follow heroes in the chace of fame,
Aſks force and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
What words can paint the royal warrior's face?
What colours can the figure boldly raiſe,
When, cover'd o'er with comely duſt and ſmoke,
He pierc'd the foe, and thickeſt ſquadrons broke?

His bleeding arm, ſtill painful with the ſore,
Which, in his people's cauſe, the pious father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,
Not the united force of France and hell could ſtay.
Oh, Dorſet! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my ſtrength could anſwer my deſire,
In ſpeaking paint this figure ſhould be ſeen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien;
And gods deſcending ſhould adorn the ſcene.
See, ſee! upon the banks of Boyne he ſtands,
By his own view adjuſting his commands:
Calm and ſerene the armed coaſt ſurveys,
And, in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with fame, and eager of renown,
Reſolves to end the war, and fix the throne.
From wing to wing the ſquadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their ranks to meet their king's command;
The drums and trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly noiſe
Of neighing ſteeds, and cannons louder voice,
Suſpended in attention, baniſh far
All hoſtile ſounds, and huſh the din of war:
The ſilent troops ſtretch forth an eager look,
Liſtening with joy, while thus their general ſpoke:
" Come, fellow-ſoldiers, follow me once more,
" And fix the fate of Europe on that ſhore;
" Your courage only waits from me the word,
" But England's happineſs commands my ſword:
" In her defence I every part will bear,
" The ſoldier's danger, and the prince's care,
" And envy any arm an equal ſhare.

" Set all that 's dear to men before your ſight;
" For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
" To ſave your wives from rape, your towns from flame,
" Redeem your country ſold, and vindicate her name:
" At whoſe requeſt and timely call I roſe,
" To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expoſe;
" Struggled with adverſe ſtorms and winter ſeas,
" That in my labours you might find your eaſe.
" Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
" And write the empty triumphs of the war;
" In lazy palaces ſupinely ruſt;
" My ſword ſhall juſtify my people's truſt,
" For which—But I your victory delay;
" Come on; I and my Genius lead the way."
He ſaid, new life and joy ran through the hoſt,
And ſenſe of danger in their wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain the waves, the banks, the men, withſtood:
The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king—and carries millions in the name.
As when the ſwelling ocean burſts his bounds,
And foaming overwhelms the neighbouring grounds,
The roaring deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its courſe, and bears whole foreſts down;
So on the foe the firm battalions preſt,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot through every place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.

Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! allay that generous flame,
Enough is given to England, and to fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre ſtand,
Europe's divided intereſts you command,
All their deſigns uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne deſcends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world ſuſtain;
That once diſſolv'd by any fatal ſtroke,
The ſcheme of all our happineſs is broke.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! fleets may repair again,
And routed armies rally on the plain;
But ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo great a man!
Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
Diſdaining bounds, and breaking on the ſhore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild deſtructive power,
That ſtrength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waſte, nor law, nor limits know.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince!—what, does your Muſe, Sir, faint?
Proceed, purſue his conqueſts—faith, I can't:
My ſpirits ſink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Tranſported and amaz'd———
That rage once ſpent, I can no more ſuſtain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic ſtrain,
But fall back to my natural pace again;
In humble verſe provoking you to rhyme;
I wiſh there were more Dorſets at this time.

Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
What glittering tinſel would his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
To ſteal a country, and to buy a town:
There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms ſold,
And captive virtue led in chains of gold.
If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay,
What ſums would Lewis give, that France might ſay
That victory follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conqueſts would for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to ſpread his real fame,
Would paſs between Verſailles and Nôtredame?
Their plays, their ſongs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other ſound;
Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gobelins labour, and the poets dream:
The wounded arm would furniſh all their rooms,
And bleed for ever ſcarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
And can your Muſe be ſilent? Think again.

Spare your advice; and ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own deſign; the work is done.

Done! nothing 's done! nor the dead colours laid,
And the moſt glorious ſcenes ſtand undiſplay'd;
A thouſand generous actions cloſe the rear;
A thouſand virtues, ſtill behind, ſtand crowding to appear.

The Queen herſelf, the charming Queen ſhould grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horror with her lovely face.

Who can omit the Queen's auſpicious ſmile,
The pride of the fair ſex, the goddeſs of our iſle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the ſtate?
Diſguiſing cares, ſhe ſmooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleaſure in her face.
As danger did approach, her ſpirits roſe,
And, putting on the king, diſmay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, ſhe gilds the chearful court;
In every glance deſcending angels ſport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
The chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A thouſand ſhining maids, and form the dance;
The ſtately Goddeſs with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majeſtic, does the figure guide,
Treading in juſt and eaſy meaſures round;
The ſilver arrows on her ſhoulder ſound;
She walks above them all. Such is the ſcene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter Queen.

Theſe ſubjects do, my Lord, your ſkill command,
Theſe none may touch with an unhallow'd hand:
Tender the ſtrokes muſt be, and nicely writ,
Diſguis'd encomiums muſt be hid in wit,
Which modeſty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
Who made no other ſteps to ſuch a throne,
But to deſerve, and to receive, the crown.

WRITTEN AT ALTHROP,

IN A BLANK LEAF OF WALLER'S POEMS,

UPON SEEING

VANDYKE'S PICTURE OF THE OLD LADY SUNDERLAND.

VANDYKE had colours, ſoftneſs, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sachariſſa was his fond deſire.
Why then at Althrop ſeem her charms to faint,
In theſe ſweet numbers and that glowing paint?
This happy ſeat a fairer miſtreſs warms;
This ſhining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brighteſt Sachariſſa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could ſoar;
But ſhe ne'er made a finiſh'd piece before.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Ducheſs of ST. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere, ſo long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with luſtre in St. Albans charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race compleat;
They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

Ducheſs of BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful ſire,
Bleſt with more than mortal fire;
Likeneſs of a mother's face,
Bleſt with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms ſurprize,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous race,
Bleſt with your parents wit, and her firſt blooming face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty reſtrain.

Ducheſs of RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boaſt,
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the brighteſt toaſt;
Th' adorers offerings prove who 's moſt divine,
They ſacrific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady SUNDERLAND.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reaſon clear:
Yet ſtill their force, to men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Mademoiſelle SPANHEIME.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The ſtubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toaſts enrol your name.

ON THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ****.

COURAGE, dear Moll, and drive away deſpair.
Mopſa, who in her youth was ſcarce thought fair,
In ſpite of age, experience, and decays,
Sets up for Charming, in her fading days;
Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,
Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
This goodly gooſe, all feather'd like a jay,
So gravely vain, and ſo demurely gay,
Laſt night, t'adorn the court, did overload
Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:
Her ſteps were manag'd with ſuch tender art,
As if each board had been a lover's heart.
In all her air, in every glance, was ſeen
A mixture ſtrange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
Admiring fops about her crowding preſs;
Hambden himſelf delivers their addreſs,
Which ſhe, accepting with a nice diſdain,
Owns them her ſubjects, and begins to reign:
Fair Queen of Fopland is her royal ſtyle;
Fopland! the greateſt part of this great iſle!
Nature did ne'er ſo equally divide
A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay

Prayer-books, patch-boxes, ſermon notes, and paint;
At once t' improve the ſinner and the ſaint.
Farewel, friend Moll: expect no more from me;
But if you would a full deſcription ſee,
You 'll find her ſomewhere in the Litany,
With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocriſy.

VERSES BY LORD HALIFAX.

FROM DR. Z. GREY's MSS.

ALL the materials are the ſame
Of beauty and deſire,
In a fair woman's goodly frame
No brightneſs is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what thoſe creatures are,
That would be thought both chaſte and fair?

Go aſk but thy philoſophy
What gives her lips the balm,
What makes her breaſts to heave ſo high,
What ſpirit gives motion to her eye,
Or moiſture to her palm?
Then tell me, &c.

Ah Cælia, then, be not ſo nice,
For that betrays thy thoughts and thee;
There 's not a feature or a grace
Bedecks thy body or thy face,
But pimps within for me.
Then tell me, &c.

ON

ORPHEUS

AND

SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITA.

HAIL, tuneful pair! ſay, by what wondrous charms,
One 'ſcap'd from hell, and one from Greber's arms?
When the ſoft Thracian touch'd the trembling ſtrings,
The winds were huſh'd, and curl'd their airy wings:
And when the tawny Tuſcan rais'd her ſtrain,
Rook furls his ſails, and dozes on the main.
Treaties unfiniſh'd in the office ſleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
Thus equal charms and equal conqueſts claim;
To him high woods and bending timber came,
To her ſhrub Hedges, and tall Nottingham.

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